THE

NEW ÆRA;

OR,

Adventures of Julien Delmour:

RELATED BY HIMSELF.



IN FOUR VOLUMES.

BY MADAME DE GENLIS.

Il ne faut point mettre un ridicule où il n'y en point: c'est se gâter le goût, c'est corrompre son jugement et celui des autres. Mais le ridicule qui est quelque part, il faut l'y voir, l'en tirer avec grace et d'une manière qui plaise et qui instruise. *Caractères de la Bruyère.*

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THE NEW ÆRA,

OR

ADVENTURES

OF

JULIEN DELMOUR,

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

CHAPTER I.

Julien's joy and inquietude.—Discovery of a surprising and terrible secret.

THE general rendezvous for the following day was named at Durand's, for three o'clock: but Edelie had given me one much more interesting; she desired me to be with her at eleven in the morning!

It was four when I retired to my chamber; I had not a moment's sleep. Having passed the remainder of the

night with my eyes fixed on a clock, I counted each minute, while the almost invisible movement of the second-hand delighted me, as if it accelerated the weary progress of the hours! Yet, in spite of my ardour and impatience, I did not feel one moment's *ennui*. I was enjoying, by anticipation, the promised interview; or rather, I was settling it according to my own wishes; and when I had fixed all in my imagination, I commenced doing so again, in order to render it still more impassioned! At length, at half-past ten, I rushed impetuously from my chamber, and flew to Edelie. This *tête-à-tête*, so important for us both, caused an equal emotion in each. The very aspect of Edelie made me tremble; I knew so well what her feelings were from the expression of her countenance, and I still saw in her looks only the traces of an invincible and profound grief! This threw me once more into a state of extreme inquietude: what was she about to communicate to me! what

was she going to say! These thoughts caused me the most excruciating agony, I scarcely breathed.—Her silence froze the blood in my veins! I dreaded her first words, which were to unveil the future; at length, taking me by the hand, I am yours, says she, a sacred bond shall unite us! At these words, intoxicated with joy and happiness, I fell on my knees. Ah! my dear Julien! continued she, there is no true and unalloyed felicity upon earth! I am now going to afflict you! To afflict me! cried I, when you are making an engagement to be mine! Yes, replied she, but I can only do so upon one condition, which will no doubt cause you some anxiety and chagrin!—What, said I, good Heavens! surely you would not let our happiness and destiny depend upon the consent of your mother? No! I am twenty-eight years old. I shall only consult love and gratitude; certain that your conduct and your virtues will justify my choice!—What then is this strange con-

dition?—I cannot explain it to you now, but in three weeks you shall be acquainted with it all!—In what terrible distress do you not plunge me!—This condition will only have a happy influence on our destiny. It merely obliges us to defer our union for some months.

These words reassured me, and calmed, in some degree, my disturbed imagination. I conjured her, but in vain, instantly to disclose this distressing mystery. She, however, contented herself with protesting that it concealed no obstacle to our happiness, and expressed her sentiments with such tenderness, that she, at last, only left the enchantment of being beloved, and of hearing myself repeat that I received the pledge of her faith! But when I found myself alone, the thought of this extraordinary secret destroyed all my joy! She had declared that it would cause me *uneasiness and chagrin;* there was doubtless some danger for her to encounter; yet what perilous undertaking could a woman engage

in? Was it of a political nature? Impossible! for I had always heard her condemn the woman who abandons her proper sphere to interfere in politics. I was, at the same time, compelled to acknowledge that she possessed a fund of singularity and a vivacity of imagination, which occasioned me the most lively alarm, when I reflected upon her half-confidence. The more I revolved it in my mind, the more I felt inclined to expect something very eccentric; but I tormented myself fruitlessly in endeavouring to divine what it could be! I passed the three weeks of trial, imposed upon me by Edelie, always happy when near her, but ever uneasy and agitated when she was out of my sight. Her dejection by no means decreased; on the contrary, it seemed to be augmented; but, by her side, every painful emotion was suspended! With what rapture did I not listen to that adored voice (that voice which had for ten years been silent to me), while it expressed all that was most

tender and impassioned in love! Such language, from her, was to me the pledge of a happiness beyond all attainment.

As soon as the wished-for day arrived, for the hours had been counted, I went to demand the promised explanation. Edelie sighed, and burst into tears, upon which all my inquietudes returned with ten-fold force to assail and overwhelm me. After much hesitation, Alas! she exclaimed, I shall pierce you to the heart..—What then, have you deceived me? do you wish to retract your vows?—On the contrary, I renew them, and shall become your wife! Well! pray unfold this mystery! I warn you, beforehand, that whatever may be your opinion of what I am going to reveal, all opposition will be in vain! I am about to disclose a plan that will doubtless appear wild, extravagant and perilous; but I am irrevocably determined to undertake it, before I espouse you, and nothing in the world shall prevent me! I have confided this resolution to no living soul, not

even to the Abbé Desforges, that I might spare him the pain of superfluous expostulations. This preamble made me shudder. Good God! cried I, what do you meditate, and what are you going to acquaint me with? Attend, she replied, and I conjure you not to interrupt me. Recollect the day when, from our opposite windows, our hearts first understood each other, and answered reciprocally without restraint; when I dared, for the first time, to make a formal avowal of my sentiments for you. In the midst of of that overpowering delight, a terrible thought took possession of, and impressed itself upon my imagination! I then said to myself, that a miracle alone could reunite us; that my death was inevitable, and that the rashness of your despair would conduct you also to the scaffold. Then I raised my suppliant hands and eyes, bathed in tears, to Heaven; but that I might with better hopes implore the supreme arbiter of our destinies, I felt the necessity of offering a great sa-

crifice to him. I prayed that he would save and preserve all I loved, and deliver myself. This was followed by a vow.—Here her voice expired on her lips; while I, trembling and frozen, looked at her with an air of stupefaction, and dared not press her to go on: but soon resuming in a firm tone, I made a vow, continued she, to go to the Holy Land! Every thing is prepared, and I am well informed as to the route which it will be best to take. I shall carry with me two servants, in whom I can trust, and Victoria: they merely know that I intend taking a long voyage; they will follow me throughout; and I shall set off in eight days from the present time.

She might have continued speaking much longer, for I had neither the desire or power to interrupt her. Thunderstruck by this strange communication, and having no hopes of changing her resolution, I remained immovable and speechless; —Bowing my head to the iron hand of destiny; alas! it was not resignation;

I thought myself annihilated ! — After some minutes painful silence: Be assured ! said Edelie, that my affection for you even confirms me in my design. ..If I had the weakness to abandon it, I should not have one moment's peace for the rest of my existence; I should be in constant terror for the life of my mother, brother, your own and that of Casilda. In fulfilling this vow, which escaped me, without reflection, I obey a species of inspiration; it was so sudden that it had the semblance of a miracle; and in yielding to it, I have no idea of immolating myself ! God always protects whoever he inspires, he will be my guide, and will watch over me ; I shall set out full of confidence and with the happiest presentiments...O Julien ! will *you* partake in them ! Yes ! replied I, at length, if you permit me to accompany you.... Propriety forbids it, since, by my vow, I am interdicted from uniting myself to you till after my return.—So then you desert me, and abandon Casilda !-

Only to confide her to your care; I shall absent myself, it is true, for six or seven months, but only that I may then consecrate the rest of my life to you!—This voyage will last more than a year. Casilda can pass that interval with my mother, as to myself, I will follow your footsteps, and also go to Jerusalem. Ah! cried Edelie, you will thus take from me all the fruits of my Pilgrimage! How can I occupy myself with thoughts of God alone, while I know that you are also a wanderer, and exposing yourself to every danger in order to rejoin me? Do not add this insupportable misery to my sacrifice, I shall sink under it!..Remain, that you may be a protection to Casilda, and a consolation to my family. Remain! that you may fulfil the duties of friendship, and merit the sentiments I entertain for you: remain, to obey me!—At these words, I wept bitterly, and her tears flowed with mine!........—Not being able to remove her unshaken resolution, nor listen without a dreadful palpita-

tion of the heart, I left her, saying, that I would return next day ; she answered me only by a flood of tears !—I then tore myself away, but when I reached the door, she called me back, advanced towards and embraced me with the liveliest expression of tenderness and grief ! —Ah ! cried I, if you grant me this interesting favour, in order to reward my resignation, I do no not deserve it ! At these words, I disengaged myself with feelings of despair from her arms, and hastily rushed out of the house !

Having returned home, I shut myself up, and remained some time absorbed in a state of insensibility which took from me almost the faculty of thought.—— Suddenly, however, a ray of hope re-animated me ; and I hastened to the Abbé Desforges, whom I found alone, I rapidly communicated to him the circumstance Edelie had just imparted ; but he looked upon this vow as so extravagant, that he paid no regard to it, and I had great difficulty in convincing him Ede-

lie was irrevocably determined to put it into execution. What an absurdity! added he, she is apparently ignorant that religion itself can release her from it.—Be tranquil! continued he, I am obliged to go out now on some business, but I will certainly see her in the course of the day..and will speak with the authority of a minister of the church, who, from her infancy, has had the direction of her conscience; she has confidence in me, and I promise you that she will not depart on this needless journey.—These words restored me to life, for the Abbé Desforges was an oracle with me, and I knew, that he had a great ascendency over the mind of Edelie: he promised to see me early the next morning, his affairs (which were always those of doing good) not permitting him to appoint a meeting for the evening.—This interview could not entirely dissipate my inquietudes, but it tranquillized them.—I remained alone, shut up in my apartment the whole day, I entertained the

most affectionate regard for Durand both from inclination and gratitude—he was possessed of a good understanding and many other amiable qualities; but he appeared less amiable since he had made a large fortune: a thousand things which used to interest him now appeared nothing more than trifles. I always found a great degree of solidity in his deportment; but there was no longer any charm in his manner. A man entirely given up to mercantile speculations is always a very frigid confidant, in the little details of life, and even in the peculiar interests of the heart; so that I felt no desire to open my mind to him. I went to bed late, and my first words in waking were to ask if the Abbé Desforges was come; they then gave me a large sealed packet, which he had sent; I took it with a trembling hand, tore the envelope, and found three letters, one for me from the Abbé, and two others from Edelie, for her Mother and Brother. Let the reader judge of

my astonishment, on reading the letter of the Abbé, which was as follows.———

"I have not been able to overcome a truly inspired resolution!—I have no arguments to offer against a faith the most sincere, and the tenderest sentiments of nature and friendship?——She thinks the happiness of all, whom she loves, depends upon the accomplishment of this vow.—If she should break it, her whole life to come, would be poisoned by remorse, and the most distressing apprehensions. I went to her, for the purpose of impeding the voyage, and she draws me away with her!—I depart in order to accompany her.—It will be the *angel* conducting Tobias!—Whilst impiety, surrounded by ruins and covered with blood, plumes itself upon its horrible triumphs over religion, one can even in this age enumerate brilliant examples of piety. In the midst of persecutions against the church, what virtue has she not displayed upon the pontifical throne? What devotion has she not ex-

hibited ?——We have seen illustrious princesses renounce their human greatness, in order to consecrate themselves to God !—We have witnessed legions of intrepid missionaries crossing the seas to carry the lights of the gospel into the most barbarous countries; one has beheld the proudest spirits brought back to the true faith, and how many illustrious martyrs have there not been to consecrate holiness by the heroism of their fortitude in death ! A pilgrimage to the holy land, undertaken by a personage the most distinguished on every account, was alone wanting to this catalogue, *the itinerary* of this grand journey with the date of the time, when it shall have taken place, will be a truly glorious monument of religion !

" Applaud our design then, and see us depart without uneasiness, fear nothing on account of the fatigues of the voyage, the soul can always give a supernatural power to the body; all the tediousness of this long route will be dissipated in our

case by a divine hope, by pure and heavenly thoughts, by delightful conversations, and peaceful dreams! Console yourself for the separation, by gaining strength and confirmation in the practice of virtue. Prepare yourself for her return.—Purify your soul, that it may be worthy of being united to hers — Meditate and pray every hour you possibly can, this will be to commune with us !—

" Adieu! it is midnight, she charges you with these two letters, and she begs that you will deliver them yourself; notwithstanding the happiest presentiments, she has taken all the measures of precaution, which human prudence could suggest: she has put her worldly affairs in order, and made her will, in which Casilda has not been forgotten! Adieu! my son! accept all the benedictions of religion and of paternal affection."

After having read this letter through a flood of tears, I sprung off my bed, prostrated myself upon the floor, and prayed

with her! Hearing a noise in the anti-chamber, I rose up and seated myself on the bed again, it was Durand; informed of the whole by Madame de Palmis, he came to sympathize with, and console me. The Marchioness had only been made acquainted with it at nine o'clock that night, and she was instructed to announce the intelligence to Casilda, the next morning; Madame de Palmis had taken my sister home with her, in order to deliver her to my care. I rose up precipitately, dressed myself in haste, scarcely in possession of my senses, I trembled, stammered, and could listen to nothing; Durand, who was quite alarmed, persisted in remaining to expostulate with me.

His presence and the common place condolence which he dwelt on, filled me with a degree of impatience, that seemed to complete the measure of my misfortunes. In fact, his efforts to console, dried my tears by increasing my grief!—In these moments of trouble and despair, I was

unjust and even ungrateful to him; I could not bear his coldness, his observing eyes, the serenity of his countenance slightly shade dby an air of sadness, which appeared only to express a contemptuous pity. But how different! when a woman's sympathy is offered to the unhappy! I found Madame de Palmis had been in tears, she shed them again on seeing me! Emotion and grief gives something of a sublime air to a beautiful woman, the charm of tears is only to be found in her. Madame de Palmis communicated an infinity of details, which are still engraven on my heart! Edelie at first appeared sunk into a profound grief, which she in vain endeavoured to dissemble. An hour before her departure, she had a long conversation with the Abbé, that appeared to have completely restored her; so much so indeed that she had given her last orders, with a firmness and presence of mind altogether admirable.—Madame de Palmis was entrusted with a sum of money for the poor and for the

pilgrims, (if any of that description could be found:) In their last embrace, Edelie said, Be tranquil, *the star of the Magi will be our guide!* The Abbé had promised to write to us often during the journey.

It was a great source of consolation to me, to think that this holy man, who had so much spirit and courage, so good an understanding and so feeling a heart, would never quit Edelie.

That he would watch over her and attend to all her wishes with the solicitude of a tender parent. I assure you, added Madame de Palmis, that I am not surprised, our heroic traveller has made him a convert to her pilgrimage, for she has set out so elevated, so glowing with piety, that I have been myself almost tempted to follow her. But the attempt to overtake them, would be vain. They travel through France day and night, and have assumed fictitious names during the whole journey. There are four of them in all including the Abbé, she takes only

her valet-de-chambre and Victoria, who would never consent to leave her. Heavens! I exclaimed, figure to yourself this delicate and charming creature exposing herself to so many dangers by land and sea, supporting during a whole year such fatigues! But, rejoined the Marchioness, she will be sustained by her youth, the ardour of her imagination, a pure conscience, and by the pious singularity of her object; you love Edelie too well not to be thoroughly acquainted with her character. Virtue by itself, without doubt, has always attraction enough for her, but it inflames, and fills her with enthusiasm when connected with any thing *extraordinary*.

No one could feel the justice of this reflexion better than myself. I resolved to set out as soon as I could obtain passports, to convey to Madame d'Inglar and Eusebius, the letters with which I was charged. I agreed with Madame de Palmis to leave Casilda under her care till my departure; and at length took my

leave, to go and embrace my sister, who was plunged in the most profound grief. As I was going out, Madame de Palmis told me that she had reserved for the conclusion of our interview a consolation; she then presented me with a small drawing in water colours, by Edelie, which she had drawn in prison, it represented a very striking likeness of myself, at the window of my lodgings, holding in my hand the paper frame which had so often transmitted my thoughts to her.—This sketch, said Madame de Palmis, is only a deposit, which she intrusts to you, and which you are to return when she comes back. I could never sufficiently admire this charming work, executed with so much care and accuracy, while it proved how much I had occupied her thoughts.

Having consigned this inestimable remembrance to my bosom, I left Madame de Palmis, and went to mourn with Casilda!......

CHAP. II.

Julien departs for Hamburgh.—Situation in which he finds Eusebius.—New proofs of the latter's friendship.—Departure of Julien for London.

Determined to set off without delay, and only waiting for my passports, I formed the resolution of establishing myself wherever Eusebius remained, if he did not advise me to return to France, until Edelie came back. I could easily remove my little fortune to any place, having therefore merely taken money enough to pay the expences of my journey and a stay of five or six weeks at a hotel, I left the rest in Durand's hands, agreeing with him on a certain indication to be contained in my letters, should I want an additional supply, or decide on continuing a broad. My mother, who had, under the reign of terror, experienced frights,

from which she had not as yet recovered, wished to accompany me; but considering the many inconveniences, not to say dangers which would have attended such an undertaking at that moment, I could only promise, that, in the event of taking up my abode out of France, she might depend on my coming back for her; this had the desired effect, and she consented to remain.

Madame de Palmis had contrived to place a hundred and fifty thousand francs in the English funds; the Duke and Duchess as well as her sister-in-law, had also transferred considerable sums to the same country, and established themselves in London, where the Marchioness had made up her mind to join them. I passed the greater part of the day at the house of Madame de Palmis, deriving the utmost consolation from dwelling on my sentiments towards Edelie, with a personage of the former Court, who, ten years before, would have found my passion so absurd, and ridiculously prepos-

terous, even supposing that the object of it had been at liberty to make a selection. The simple manner in which she spoke to me of the tender return I experienced from Edelie, appeared to me, as affording the best confirmation of the principles of equality. During our conversations she renewed many questions formerly asked about the Viscount d'Inglar, with more interest than ever; and often repeated how much she regretted not having passed the first years of her youth in the same circle as Eusebius; she exhorted me to recommend his settling in London, while the emigration continued; the Marchioness also displayed the most religious turn, protesting that she had nothing but levity and weakness to reproach herself with, while I took care not to let her suspect I had been the confidant of her intimacy with Tiburtius. Besides, she manifested the utmost friendship towards me; and at the same time possessed something so seducing, that her address and manners, were truly insinuating. When

desirous of gaining any one over to her opinion, that it was impossible to withold your confidence and esteem ; with such qualifications, no wonder if, after five or six interviews, she had not succeeded in removing all the prejudices I formerly entertained against her, and were it not for the recollection of what I heard from Tiburtius, she would have persuaded me that she had always been correct and faithful to her duty. Madame de Palmis, was not like Matilda and the Baroness de Blimont, a cunning intriguer, or plotting female destitute of principle ; notwithstanding great errors, her heart was not corrupted ; she had not conformed to her destiny : having been carried away by too much warmth of imagination into a wrong direction : while in the path of error and suffering from its corroding effects, she had always bitterly regretted the loss of virtue, preserving that exact decorum, the modesty of vice, which is more strictly observed, (in a well-born person) than that of innocence, because

it is more necessary; the Marchioness had always possessed a certain elevation of character and that rectitude of mind and judgment, which makes us admire good actions, even when they condemn our own. She concealed the truth in speaking of her past life; but could not descend to falsehood, nor would Madame de Palmis exaggerate when virtue was the topic, for she naturally possessed its noble language; she now freely expressed her thoughts and opinions; and I could plainly perceive that a salutary remorse, which she had as it were cherished, as furnishing a last right to her own esteem, inwardly preserved not only an inclination favourable to virtue, but a disposition to merit the approbation of society.

Having at length received my passport, as a travelling artist, I immediately set out on my way to Hamburgh. Casilda accompanied me, and nothing could be more consoling than the idea of her society at this moment, for she continually spoke of Edelie!

We arrived at the above named city on the 15th August 1794: My joy was inexpressible on finding Eusebius and his mother still there. After the necessary preparations, I delivered Edelie's letters, when their surprize equalled their sorrow. I was not obliged to relate what I had done to retain Edelie, or obtain permission to follow her; for her letters, in which I was designated as her deliverer, contained all these details, and every thing relative to her imprisonment, as also her liberation, which she attributed to me alone. She did not make a positive avowal of her sentiments, with respect to myself, in the above communications, but every line plainly indicated the nature of them; and I remarked that her mother was greatly shocked at the circumstance, though she manifested the utmost gratitude towards me; yet the Marchioness could not help saying that Edelie had adopted an *exaggerated style of Romance* which arose from the bad taste that had prevailed in France since the revolution.

Our interview had continued above three hours, without my being yet able to put a single question, but the appearance of their lodgings, which was no longer the same, together with the dejection of Madame d'Inglar, made me suspect that some unfortunate change had occurred in their situation ; when this long conference terminated, Eusebius conducted me to his own room, where, previous to entering into any other topic, I commenced by telling him that I had brought a fine portrait of the Duchess de Palmis, which I found and purchased in a shop, so that he might have the pleasure of presenting it to her son, the young Octavius, who was by this time capable of appreciating such a gift, as he must have attained his twelfth year. Here the Viscount embraced me with transport. Oh ! my dear friend, he cried, you do not know how highly I prize this offering ! Not only can I contemplate it without scruple, but I may even secretly retain it, for the Duchess has been a widow five months !. . . . Yes, said

I, and you may now freely indulge that sentiment which occasioned you so many inward troubles and agitation, and which you concealed so long with no less courage than virtue! . . . . I could have done so still, rejoined Eusebius, since you were acquainted with it, but you are at least, the only one on earth that has been able to penetrate the mystery of this unhappy passion ; a powerful reason still obliges me to be silent, and I request you to observe the same discretion with regard to this circumstance. Having promised an entire conformity to the wishes of Eusebius, I proceeded to interrogate him as to his present situation; his reply to my first question was, that the Hamburgh merchant with whom his father placed forty five thousand francs, had become a bankrupt, and absconded, carrying off the whole of that sum . . . At all events, said I, yielding to the first impulse of my feelings, you have one hundred and thirty eight thousand francs, which Durand will immediately transfer wherever you like . . . I will ac-

cept any thing from you, said the Viscount with emotion ; I am no less proud of your virtues than your friendship, and I already owe you so much, that a generous action the more, can add nothing to my gratitude, but hear me to the end. The bankruptcy took place three months ago, the little ready money left by my father was soon expended, and at that moment our sole means of support were derived from the sale of some jewels belonging to my mother. Whilst she was plunged into the deepest melancholy, and the only consolation afforded by Mademoiselle de Versec, consisted in violent declamations against the Revolution, I endeavoured to procure the means of existence and succeeded : I obtained the situation of french clerk in a mercantile house, which occupies me four hours in the morning, from six till ten ; besides the duties of this situation, I correct all the proof sheets of french works at an eminent publisher's, with these two little pursuits our little establishment goes on very well, and

my mother wants for nothing: I should even experience a degree of ease and pleasure in this mode of living, the result of my industry, were it not for the grief it causes her, and the eternal lamentations of Mademoiselle de Versec, on the *repulsive* singularity of seeing me a *bookseller's hack*, and *scribe!* In other respects, continued Eusebius, we are not amongst those emigrants who are ruined altogether; we still possess ninety thousand francs, very securely placed in London; but the person with whom we deposited that sum, is absent on a journey and will not return for these six weeks, we are therefore obliged to pass that time here, having quite enough money to live on, though not sufficient to undertake a voyage or form a new establishment.

After this conversation I conceived a project which I determined to lose no time in putting into execution; although I did not wish to remove the money left at Paris, until my arrival in England, I wanted to afford the Viscount means of

proceeding there directly, particularly as he appeared extremely anxious for it himself. Pursuant to the foregoing resolution, I immediately decided on publicly announcing my intention of giving a concert. Casilda had an admirable voice, and sang uncommonly well for her age; she also possessed considerable execution on the harp. Having several old acquaintances at Hamburgh, I took my sister to see them, and was glad to perceive that her modesty, talents and beauty excited a degree of enthusiastic interest in her behalf. The merchants' wives of that city, so remarkable for their refinement and benevolence, patronized Casilda with such zeal, that all the arrangements for my concert were completed at the end of six days. It had prodigious success. I sang two duets with Casilda; besides these she gave three other songs alone, and performed some delightful variations on the harp. Nothing could exceed the applause manifested on this occasion, particularly during my sister's

performance. This entertainment brought me in, after all the expences were paid, a thousand French crowns; which sum I instantly conveyed to the Viscount; and he received it with that grace and goodness of heart which would have repaid the sacrifice of my life. I persuaded him to depart without farther delay; adding, that I should remain a few days longer at Hamburgh, as I intended to give a second concert; after which I would join him as soon as possible. All was arranged as I wished, and we decided that the Viscount, his mother, young Octavius and Mademoiselle de Versec, should set off in two days.

Eusebius, who, to use his own expression, *boasted* of my having given this concert for him, added, that if I had consulted him he would have opposed it, as he was sure it must have cost me considerable uneasiness, thus to bring so young and beautiful a girl as Casilda before the public. Mademoiselle de Versec took this observation of the Viscount

for a pure criticism, and did not perceive Eusebius spoke in that manner merely to enhance the value of what I had done. Addressing herself to me—She thought it strange, indeed, that the Viscount should find fault with the sister of an artist singing at a concert, given by her brother, since he himself was obliged to attend the labours of a printing-office, besides passing six hours of every day in that *of a sugar and coffee merchant:* him—the *ex-Ambassador to Russia, only son of the Marquis d'Inglar, Lieutenant-General, Knight of the Order of the Holy Ghost, and Governor of Dauphiny!*

With this ingenuity of impertinence, Mademoiselle de Versec was satisfied that there could be nothing whatever in the foregoing remark calculated to hurt my feelings, nor that my attachment for Eusebius was thereby wounded. I was revenged, however, that very night by speaking of no one but her niece, the Princess de S****, now become my cousin Le Dru; but that which affected

me much more than the censures of the above caustic old lady, was a sort of ingratitude manifested by the Marchioness d'Inglar, whose pride could not support the idea of those services which a former secretary of her son's now rendered the family. It is true that, in the days of her splendour, she highly approved of the Viscount's conduct in raising me so far above my condition, and that he should treat me as a friend. It was *a creation* then, and far from exciting any horror. She was flattered at the idea of her son's possessing such a degree of personal consideration in society, that it gave me a consequence to which I could not naturally aspire. But since the new system had made a right of that which had formerly been mere condescension, every notion of *equality* with the vulgar had become odious. It must be allowed that if the pride of birth can be excusable, it is when, after having been repressed by generosity in the days of prosperity, it only shows itself with ad-

versity: in the latter case there is even something noble in it; but, in this instance, should not gratitude have triumphed over such a feeling. That was not, however, to be expected from the frigid character of Madame d'Inglar; for even in thanking me, she could not dissimulate a considerable share of bitterness; in fact, a secret envy to lower me appeared through every expression. This thankless disposition greatly mortified Eusebius, and was doubtless the most painful sensation she could create on my part.

They departed, at length, on the day appointed, and I soon after gave my second concert, which a very singular incident rendered excessively brilliant. I had charged a servant to convey my sister's harp, and place it, as at the first night, in the corner of a small room, which formed a kind of passage on one side of that in which the concert was given. In order that no accident might befal the instrument, I directed the domestic to remain seated near it till our

arrival. On entering the room we saw a group of gentlemen standing round the harp; all of whom seemed to look at it with an air of great wonder. I asked the servant what was the matter, upon which he informed me, that being alone where I had ordered him to wait, *a fine tall big sort of a man* came in, and after making sure that the harp belonged to Mademoiselle Casilda, he hung a superb diamond necklace on the top of the pillar, and then immediately disappeared; in effect, on approaching somewhat nearer the instrument, we saw that his account was perfectly correct. Brother, said Casilda, on seeing the necklace, *I'll have nothing to do with that.* At these words I took it down, and going into the orchestre, I begged permission to address a few words to the audience, and holding up the brilliants, said, Gentlemen, previous to our coming into the room, some unknown person placed this beautiful necklace on my sister's harp; whereas she receives no presents from strangers—unable to

return it—and intending to quit this hospitable city to-morrow morning, she has charged me, thus publicly to announce, that, immediately after the concert, I am enjoined to carry the necklace to the Director of the Hospital for the reception of Orphans, in order that it may be disposed of for their benefit.

It will be readily imagined that this short address was applauded with the most lively enthusiasm, and that it doubled the success of our concert. My sister was overpowered with crowns of roses and laurels, not to mention numerous copies of verses, of which I only recollect the following couplet, from one of the first that was thrown towards the spot in which she sang:

Lo! radiant beauty, truth, benevolence,
Creative genius, virtue, inborn sense:
All these, in thee, doth surely shine;
What more could honors, titles, wealth, combine?

I determined to show this impromptu to Madame d'Inglar.

After the concert I did not fail taking the necklace to the Director, who, having heard my address, was in attendance to receive me. He wrote to me subsequently in England, to say that, although the diamonds were estimated at twelve thousand francs, he could not get more than nine thousand for them; and enclosed a detailed account of the way in which that sum had been disposed of, according to the directions I left with him. While at Hamburgh we boarded at the house of a widow, a very amiable woman, who was extremely fond of Casilda, and who took charge of her whenever it became necessary to go any where that I could not attend. This lady had conducted her from the concert to our lodgings, so that both had already gone to bed on my return from visiting the Director; but the servant said that a *fine looking and extremely lively young gentleman* was waiting to see me. Who should this gentleman be but Tiburtius! Seeing me, he threw himself on my

neck, saying, that returning from a journey which he had made into Germany, and being on his way to London, he had arrived an hour before the concert commenced, and could only get into the room by passing himself off as my brother. What! I asked, were you at the concert? Don't you know it? rejoined Tiburtius. It was me who threw the first copy of verses that I saw you read. You did not recognize my hand-writing, as it was very indistinct and scrawled out in a great hurry, with a pencil. Did you really compose these couplets? Yes, my friend, I was inspired, and, as you see, here I am a poet at last! Tiburtius then spoke with enthusiasm of the concert; the use we made of the necklace, which he called a *dramatic scene arranged by Providence* to charm every heart, and *legitimately* to turn every head. And Casilda! continued he, what a beauty, and what talents! Ah! how weak my verses appear when I compare them to the impression she made on me at the

moment of committing them to paper! I should be very glad to know who the insolent person was that dared to suspend a necklace to the divine harp of this celestial personage! . . . . I am sure he must be a fool and libertine. Be calm, my dear Tiburtius, said I, laughing, this unknown votary is, perhaps, an amateur, or one of those students who has read, that, in the days of antiquity, the adorers of some divinities used to ornament their statues with magnificent decorations; but it is true he ought to have known that, in our days, these sort of offerings profane the purest worship. No, no! he is no antiquary; I would lay a wager it is some one of vulgar habits and profligate manners. I am satisfied no Frenchman has done this act, the emigrants are not guilty of such impertinencies; but, said he, the *ex-voto* is at the hospital, which delights me. After the foregoing *début*, Tiburtius interrogated me about France; and, although he was not irreligious, I was afraid lest he should make any slight-

ing remarks on the pilgrimage of Edelie; but, on the contrary, seeing the motives and courage which dictated this action, he praised it with sincere admiration. It now afforded me the greatest pleasure to confide my hopes and sentiments to him. He reproached me with having formerly concealed this passion, which I had cherished so long. You are born under a fortunate planet, continued he, you merit every thing in friendship; but in love it is quite another matter. Edelie is much more passionate than you. To a woman of her character, a lover of mine was required! What flights of fancy—what sublime extravagances should we not have resorted to for each other! It is for you she has made this vow: for she only includes her family in the pretext, from pure benevolence: it is for you alone that she goes to offer up her prayers at Jerusalem; and, if I had been in your place, when I saw her depart for the Holy Land......—Well! I wanted to follow her; nay, wished it with ardour;

but she forbade it, and I could not disobey without offending her......Very well! but I should, on my side, have made a crusade against the infidels..... I am not joking—I should have armed a corsair to go against the Turks. What harmony, in that case, between our sentiments and actions!—Whilst she invoked the true God in the cradle of christianity, and was shedding tears on the sacred tomb, I should have pursued and punished the persecutors of religion.... After these pious and glorious efforts we should have returned: she covered with relics and chaplets, and I loaded with the spoils of vanquished Mussulmen, and laurels blessed by the Sovereign Pontiff. This would be something like mystic and chivalrous love;—there would then be the subject of a good romance.... True; but what becomes of Casilda?—Ah! Casilda! she can neither be abandoned nor forgotten....You are right enough..—And how is my friendship and gratitude towards Eusebius to be shewn, while he is so likely to require

both in the midst of the storms which now agitate our common country?—What a pity! you have completely destroyed my plot. By no means: write your romance and print it; I'll answer for its going through six editions. Although destitute of common sense, the subject will furnish some brilliant passages: there will be animation in the whole, and that's all some people want to constitute a most important work.... But, said I, let us now speak of yourself: may I be allowed to ask what is the nature of your present situation?....Influenced by a principle of honour, I am serving in the Prince de Condé's army. If this corps has not met with the success of the Republicans, it has, at least, sustained the reputation of French valour. As to my fortune, it is in a very good condition; my father had transferred three hundred thousand francs to England. which sum I inherited when I had the misfortune to lose him six months ago. My mother-in-law would take nothing for her dowry, and has left me every

thing. It is true that Heaven, which watches over that angelic woman, is preparing a happy fate for her in her exile. She had a very rich uncle, an old bachelor, possessed of such an *anglomania*, that, after having paid a number of visits to that country, he finished by establishing himself there a year before the revolution. His niece always corresponded with him, and having died towards the end of 1792, he left her six hundred thousand francs, without mentioning a house in the metropolis and a charming villa, within some miles of it. She is determined never to marry again, and only to live for her son and friendship. The Duchess is, in fact, as happy as she could wish to be. The above recital interested me deeply, although it occasioned great uneasiness for the secret wishes and happiness of Eusebius. Previous to quitting me, Tiburtius requested that I would allow him to accompany us over to England. My dear Tiburtius, I replied, that is absolutely impossible; for, to be candid, I have not the smallest

inclination to *embark* my sister in the same vessel that contains a gentleman of your romantic turn. Necessity alone could have induced me to expose her to the stare of the public, in giving the concerts; but I shall have other resources in England, where I intend her to lead a life of much greater ease and seclusion. If she arrived in London with you, people would most probably make some insinuations injurious to the purity of her reputation. You are perfectly right, interrupted Tiburtius, and I freely yield to the justice of your reflection. I think myself destined to commit many more follies yet; but I have determined, at least, never to indulge any that may be calculated to injure others. At these words he affectionately took leave of me, and, having exchanged our address in London, we promised frequently to meet each other when there. It was three o'clock before Tiburtius left our lodgings, and I departed, at seven, with Casilda, for Gluckstadt, where we were to embark.

CHAP. III.

Julien's arrival in London.—His Meeting with Eusebius.—Portraits of some Emigrants.

We had an excellent passage, and arrived perfectly well in London; remaining only twenty-four hours in the English capital, we proceeded to a small country-house, four miles from it; where Eusebius and the family had taken up their residence. The Viscount immediately wished to repay me the thousand crowns I had lent him. Hurt by this haste on his part, I answered, with some emotion, that since he seemed to forget the pleasure I had experienced, from my earliest years, in receiving so many gifts and such various sums of money from him, I begged he would, at least, consent not to return this trifle, of which I had not the smallest occasion, with a precipitation which was

truly distressing to my feelings. Never imagine, replied Eusebius, that I could think of arrogating any superiority over you, particularly in this way; but if you are not inclined to receive the money, do not say that you lend it to me; tell me that it is given, and I will joyfully accept it, as you well know I could not speak in this way to any other man breathing. At these words tears came into my eyes. Pressing my hand with great emotion, and heaving a deep sigh, the Viscount said, he was very much in want of the consolations of friendship, and then began to speak of the Duchess de Palmis. He informed me that the only reason of his having so small a house, arose from the circumstance of its being within little more than five hundred yards from where the Duchess resided. It is a folly, continued he, for I have no room whatever to hope; but, at all events, I can indulge my admiration for her without committing any crime!...—I now asked whether he had seen her. Yes, he replied, but

only once; for during the fortnight we have been here, she has passed nearly all her time in London; on arriving yesterday morning, she immediately sent her chaplain to my mother, for the purpose of saying, that she had caused a chapel to be fitted up in her own house, and that seats would be reserved every Sunday for all the members of our family. This is an offer which it is impossible to refuse in a protestant country; we therefore went to thank her yesterday. She is still in deep mourning, which enables her to dispense with the idle ceremonial of morning visits. The Duchess received us with extreme politeness, though in a state of great dejection; for she is even now excessively afflicted by the death of her husband, whom she regarded with all the affection of a revered parent. She lives in the closest retirement, thinks of nothing but the education of her child, and only sees a few emigrant families; two or three of which are said to be destitute of resources, and

to which, my informant adds, she makes a regular pecuniary allowance. This lovely woman has never formed an improper acquaintance: equally ignorant of the vain pleasures of dissipation, or baneful effects of indolence, she has cherished thoughts at once solid and generous; her reflections have been of that exalted nature, which virtue alone could inspire, and thus placed the only sure barrier between it and the passions. Besides, added he, an almost insurmountable bar separates us for ever: she is rich, whereas I have lost every thing; and the idea that my attentions might appear interested, will always prevent me from showing her any.

It was in vain that I combated this scrupulous delicacy, Eusebius had determined to keep himself invariably at a distance, and to divert himself from an unhappy passion by a life of activity, and deep study. I did not enter into the military profession, said he, and I now congratulate myself on the circumstance.

It is melancholy to be obliged to choose between the war of a faction, and one against your countrymen ! I shall pursue my old occupations, and in these stormy times, when the people, who are, as it were tired of civilization, in despising established and *legitimate* governments, have recurred to gothic ideas of glory, and deify all that true philosophy condemns, and religion reproves; in those disastrous times, when injustice and violence, usurping an insensate admiration, obtain the most boisterous applauses, my time shall be consecrated to acts of benevolence and philanthropy. I shall profit by my stay in this country, in acquiring a knowledge of its laws, constitution, industry, and particularly its charitable establishments ; and if tranquillity is restored to our own, I may perhaps, on some future day, be enabled to offer it the benefit of useful knowledge and respectable talents.

The result of this conversation, was a proposal from Eusebius to travel with

him into the interior, which I accepted most cordially, when we determined to depart in eight or ten days. On being informed of our design, Madame d'Inglar requested that I would confide Casilda to her care, until her daughter's return. To this friendly proposition I also agreed very readily, as I could not leave her under more favourable auspices: as to my sister, she was delighted at the idea of remaining under the protection of one who united two sacred characters with regard to herself; that of godmother, and the parent of her benefactress. I arrived on a Thursday, and on the Saturday following became acquainted with the Duchess de Palmis' chaplain, who came to pay us a visit. After all that had been told me of him, I felt extremely anxious for our meeting. This real philanthropist was son to a physician of Montpellier; destined from his earliest infancy for the profession of his father, he underwent his studies accordingly, and obtained the degree of a doctor in

medicine, from the celebrated college of his native city. His charity having frequently led him into the neighbouring villages, he was so forcibly struck by the utility which might accrue from combining a knowledge of medicine with a religious calling, that he did not hesitate to take orders, and became a curate soon after. Leaving France in 1791, he passed over to England, where he gratuitously devoted himself to the double object of giving his advice gratuitously, while his spiritual duties were equally attended to.* He would not attach himself to the household of the Duchess de

* The above recital is minutely true; this inestimable ecclesiastic, after twelve years expatriation, returned to France: he was first made grand vicar of Notre Dame, and afterwards presented with a rectory in the neighbourhood of Paris, where, [so justly blessed by his parishioners] he is still living. The writer regrets, that the profound respect due to this model of clergymen, no matter what religion they may profess, does not permit of his name being mentioned in so frivolous a work as this.

Palmis, except on condition of his being permitted to visit London twice a week, to see his patients and penitents. The peasants near our residence were Lutherans, but this did not hinder him from prescribing for them with as much zeal as if they were Catholics! Their poverty was in fact a sufficient title to insure his benevolence! He announced the arrival of Tiburtius and the Marchioness de Palmis, and we saw him again next day in the chapel. After mass we paid a visit to the mistress of the house, who greatly caressed little Octavia, then seven years old; observing that her young pet had not only grown very much, but improved in every other respect. This fascinating child, brought up by her father, spoke English and French with equal fluency; and showed as much cleverness as could be expected from one of her age. The Duchess only thought of Octavia, and young Octavius seemed quite enchanted to see her again. After dinner, we took a walk in the grounds; while out, Eu-

sebius approached Madame de Palmis, and thanked her, in the most affectionate terms, for all the marks of attention she had formerly shown him, and for the embassy to Russia which she had been the cause of obtaining. This interview was extremely tender on both sides; in the mean time the children, who were playing together, soon attracted our notice, when the conversation became general; every one admired the astonishing grace, activity, and lightness of Octavia; nor did they fail to predict, that she would one day or other be one of the first dancers in society: I shall be very sorry for it, said the Viscount; it is extremely ill judged to take so many pains in acquiring a pastime, that must be abandoned in a few years after, and in which, one is sure to be surpassed by the meanest performer in a ballet; in fact, I have determined never to let my daughter have a dancing-master. With the exception of the Duchess, each of the company inveighed against this austerity. I know,

rejoined Eusebius, that many excellent mothers have taught their pupils to dance; but I cannot help thinking that, carried away by the universal custom, they wanted reflection on this point. It is impossible that lessons in dancing can be any other than those of the most dangerous and frivolous vanity, or that childrens' balls are not the first apprenticeships of coquetry. What is the object of this art? to please by figure, attitude, and costume. For what purpose do people employ themselves three or four days before a ball? To prepare a dress, ornaments, and produce an effect. What remains after one? The joy of a futile triumph, or the chagrin of not having obtained even that gratification; not unfrequently a low sentiment of envy against her who excited the largest share of applause; finally, a degree of fatigue, lassitude and distraction, that necessarily produces a complete want of application during several days. What a loss of time! and that which is still worse, what

numerous defects does not this wretched amusement engender in the character of a young female? I am not ignorant of there being some souls so spotless, that nothing can vitiate their purity; but even for these, balls will always have the great inconvenience of consuming a considerable portion of valuable time, that might be usefully employed. I may also add, that the derangement of the hours of repose and refreshment, the agitation incident to an assembly-room, the bad air respired in apartments full of lights, and thronged with people, are as injurious to health, as they are morally dangerous in other respects. Although I am against M. d'Inglar, as to dancing, said Madame de Palmis, I will be candid enough to furnish him with an additional reason in support of his opinion; nothing is more certain than that balls cause an expence, which is greatly complained of, even by the most opulent women, while they are ruinous for those who have only a middling fortune. But, continued she, looking at the Duchess, there is one person

amongst us, who, though she is silent on the subject, has by her example indicated the greatest censure that could possibly be made of balls. To this remark, Eusebius replied with some very gallant observations, which put an end to the discussion, and terminated our visit.

During the above conversation, we remarked that the Duchess listened to the Viscount with an air of entire approbation; and when he took leave of her, we were all invited to return. She also requested Mademoiselle de Versec to select her grounds as the habitual promenade of little Octavia, and she begged the latter to consider the garden of Octavius as her own. In fact, the whole party separated extremely well pleased with each other. Tiburtius came to visit me in my room, on some of the following days, when I told him, one evening, that the Viscount was going to travel for a few months; he immediately intreated that I would ask Eusebius, of whom he knew but very little, to allow him to accompany us: a circumstance that surprised while

it gratified me; for I did not like the idea of leaving him so near Casilda during my absence. I had the utmost confidence in his probity, but greatly dreaded the versatility of his imagination and excessive vivacity; he explained the motives of his wish to be of the party, with that degree of frankness which formed the grand basis of his character: A thousand things, said he, will render this excursion no less useful than agreeable to me: in the first place, between the *prudent* Eusebius and yourself, I shall become better informed, while there is a chance of my occasionally contributing to your amusement; besides, as my principles do not differ from yours, we shall understand each other, and agree perfectly in all things. I am by no means satisfied here; my mother-in-law is charming, and her society delightful, but then one enjoys so little of it! She passes three or four hours of every day in her study, and devotes at least five to giving young Octavius lessons; we therefore only see her at table, and when she takes a walk.

Madame de Palmis has become both a prude and devotee; her lofty airs and serious tone with me are insupportable; as to the society of our neighbourhood, it does not recompense me by any means; for Madame Mondor, whom you formerly knew, like all the broken-down upstarts, has reassumed the manners of early life, without being able to forget her fine house, costly furniture, and good cook; she now only entertains us about the dearness of provisions, her extreme regret at not having a carriage, and that she is no longer able to visit the theatres. There is Madame de Melcour, too, indisposed from idleness and *ennui*, talks of nothing but the dreadful state of her nerves, the humidity of the climate, and of her past greatness. The superannuated Countess de Bligny, following the example of old coquettes, profits by their privilege of being allowed to make themselves young again in a strange country, so that this specimen of antiquity cuts off fifteen or sixteen years from her age without the smallest scruple;

she consoles herself at having no longer a career of ambition open to her, in the hope of entering into one of gallantry. Finally, the wife of President de Blaumer, who had the good fortune of bringing plenty of money with her; is perhaps very charitable, but she is certainly amazingly prone to vanity; this lady pays no visits, except to publish the benefits she confers on the neighbourhood; you never meet her without having two or three long stories about the sick she has visited, and the poor she has succoured: she forgets that these acts of duty, so worthy of admiration, are not really calculated to excite praise, except by their silence and mystery. But, Tiburtius, said I, you do not speak to me of the men, have we not some amongst our emigrant neighbours? Yes, he replied, there are a great many, and they may be described in very few words. Those emigrants who are too poor to vegetate in London, have retired into the small towns round its environs, and think themselves so many *Cincinnati*, because they

occasionally grub the walks in their cabbage-gardens.——Well, that is an innocent amusement, at least.——Yet, how much better it would be, if all these people, so interesting by misfortune and proscription, lived on good terms together! but they form as many parties amongst themselves, as you can count years between 1789 and the present period.——How is that?——For example, the *pure* from excellence, are those who ran away the instant they heard the words, *liberty* and *constitution*; then come those who departed somewhat later; but the emigrants of 1791 are looked upon with a very jealous eye by the first fugitives, and, with still greater reason, those who could not escape till latterly; my mother in-law, without thinking of dates, receives them all together, unmindful of *chronological order*, which produces conversations full of bitterness and invective, when the Duchess retires to her study, leaving Madame de Palmis and myself to support all the annoyance of such irritable discussion, as we always remain in the drawing-room

to do the honours of the house. These *amiable* interviews are only enlivened by the *consoling* prophecies of the Count de * * * *, who, for the last five years, weekly predicts that *this order of things cannot last*, and that before fifteen days elapse, we shall all re-enter France in triumph. We have *your* neighbourhood, and in losing it, there will be no longer any means of remaining. Besides, continued he, another reason, still more powerful, has made me determine on withdrawing for some time; I do not wish to see Casilda except in your presence; I feel that I shall stand in need, above all, in this respect, of your advice and superintendance.

The native simplicity of this avowal made me laugh, while the extreme openness of such candour, affected me most sensibly. I promised to speak to Eusebius without loss of time, relative to his going with us, and found no difficulty in promptly arranging the affair, to the entire satisfaction of Tiburtius.

CHAP. IV.

A Visit and Extraordinary Discovery —Departure of Julien with his two Friends.

Besides our emigrant neighbours, there were two Englishmen, one of whom, Mr. Smith, was very remarkable for his immense wealth and the originality of his character. Forty-five years old, and son of a rich merchant formerly of the city, he contrived to treble his fortune after his father's death. This was effected by well-combined and bold speculations, all of which were crowned with success; finally, his marriage to an heiress added prodigiously to his means, rendering him one of the most opulent individuals in England. It may be said, without flattery or exaggeration, that the English have made commerce illustrious by the application and employment of that wealth which is the fruit of it.

There, every man who acquires a large fortune by his industry, thinks he has contracted the obligation of forming some establishment that may be useful to the nation; and when the government confers titles of honour on mercantile men, it is less an act of grace, than a manifestation of gratitude, for they undertake to ennoble themselves. The ancient nobility will not, on the other hand, be surpassed by citizens thus elevated, either in patriotism or liberality, and this sublime emulation has produced those establishments and admirable foundations in that country, which are not to be seen in any other, to such an amazing extent, under forms so various, and ingeniously benevolent.

Mr. Smith, though a stranger to literature, and all the elegancies of polished society, only knew how to read, write, and calculate; for he could never be prevailed on to mix in company, and was consequently ignorant of all its forms; his life was devoted to the inspection of

his manufactory, hospital, and family; and as he had a very lively and natural taste for the arts, his whole relaxation consisted in going to see the exhibitions, picture galleries, and new plays*. He used to say, that he preferred these occupations and amusements, to employing his leisure at home, merely to receive visits of ceremony, much less going out to pay any. With a feeling heart and generous disposition, Mr. Smith was frequently very uncouth, without being aware of it; uniting an air of rusticity and coarse manners, to sentiments full of elevation and delicacy. I once went to walk in his fine park, which was always open to the public, accompanied by Mademoiselle de Versec, little Octavia and Casilda; when we met him with his wife. Having looked very stedfastly at us, and whispered a few words to Mrs. Smith,

* It is presumed that *new plays* were somewhat more attractive in those days, than they are at present.—Ed.

he came up towards the spot in which we stood, admiring the surrounding scenery. Mr. Smith knew a number of sentences in French, which he expressed with an English accent, which formed a most ludicrous medley. Addressing himself to Casilda first, "*I hope you be very well,*" said he: my sister bowed in silence to thank him. He next turned to me, observing, that I was welcome, and shook my hand with that cordiality, which always affected me in England, because it is seldom deceitful there. Following up his politeness, he told Mademoiselle de Versec, that he supposed she was the grand-mother of Octavia. The latter, quite shocked at the idea of being taken for a *grand-mother*, undeceived him with extreme coldness, which put an end to the interview.

On the evening before our departure, I was greatly astonished to see Mr. Smith suddenly come into my room. He explained the motives of his visit without

any preamble, by telling me that he had been present at my two concerts with his wife, and that he wished to know if I meant to give one in London. On my assuring him, that, on the contrary, my sister was not to quit the retreat in which I had placed her, he cried, that it was *best for the sweet girl*, who was too young and handsome to be thus exposed to the gaze of the public. I thanked him kindly for the interest he seemed to take in her welfare; he replied, that he had a very *strong regard* for myself also, adding, that he had been *passionately in love* with my conduct relative to the necklace. At these words, something or another induced me to divine that the mysterious offering must have come from him and his wife, so that instead of its being doubtful or injurious, it could only have been a flattering and honorable testimony. I was not mistaken in my conjectures; Mr. Smith acknowledged the fact, when we shook hands most heartily,

and I did not separate from this excellent man, until I had promised to send the *sweet girl* to call on his wife.

At length, after having bade a tender adieu to all our friends, the Viscount, Tiburtius and myself departed in a good English travelling carriage, taking only one domestic, the valet of Eusebius, with us, a servant whose attachment had been long tried, and of whose character the Viscount related some traits that were really admirable*, we stopped several

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* While the emigration continued, a great number of domestics performed the most affecting acts of fidelity and kindness. While at Hamburgh, the Countess du B——— de la M———, being old, infirm, and without any pecuniary resources, was supported during the whole of 1795 by the industry of a female servant, whom she had brought up. This amiable young person, who was extremely beautiful, rather than quit her mistress, refused several very advantageous offers of marriage. Providence did not suffer such conduct to remain without a recompence. This heroine of gratitude and fidelity never went out except to visit the catholic chapel. A rich merchant, who also went there occasionally, fell in love

days in the capital to examine in detail the charitable institutions which are multiplied there to infinity. Amongst others, there are a great number of hospitals for children, such as orphans, those who may be visited with sickness, and foundlings. They are maintained until they have learned a trade; and also receive a very good education, while those who shew particular acuteness or talent, are removed from the or-

with, and made a tender of his hand, which she would only accept on condition that he should receive the Countess into his house, and treat her in every respect as the mother of his wife. The former cook of M. de F——, who opened a tavern in the same city, and had acquired great custom, was also known daily to send an excellent dinner for six persons to his old master, saying that the bill might be paid on the latter's returning to France. In addition to the above liberal act, it was said that this man also provided a table for twelve poor emigrants every day, and that the room in which they met had a secret entrance, to prevent their being exposed to public view on going in or out.

dinary classes, and instructed conformably to the dispositions they manifest. The persons who administer these hospitals are not salaried ; but composed of rich and benevolent individuals, who justly consider their gratuitous employment as one of the most honorable they could possess ; and it is certainly a disgrace, that there should be men in other Christian countries, who receive pay for superintending public charities*.

People have formed a very false estimate of the English, who represent that nation as wicked and ferocious. It is on the contrary, humane and generous, while none is more ready to relieve misfortune. It has never insulted an emigrant, and I shall relate a curious anecdote on this subject, to which I was my-

* This gratuitous administration of hospitals is also to be found at Hamburgh and Brussels. The tradesmen who supplv the hospitals in the last named city, renounce all profit on the articles furnished, nor have the physicians or surgeons any remuneration.

self an eye witness: above fifty unfortunate priests having escaped from France, destitute of every resource, they arrived together in London, where the market women immediately formed a subscription which amounted to a considerable sum, when collected the whole was presented to these persecuted men, who were of a different religion !* This charitable people are also brought up with a high sense of religious duty and truly evangelical spirit, from their earliest years. I experienced uncommon pleasure in seeing Madame de Volnis again in London, she received me with the most affecting joy. This lady was now indebted to her talents and industry for a very comfortable independence, and consequently an honorable one; arising out of her abilities in the preparation of artificial flowers. She had employed the twelve thousand francs I gave her from Durand, in esta-

* The Author of this work was in the British metropolis, when the above circumstance occurred.

blishing a little manufactory of those articles, aided by a waiting maid that came to join her from France, and about a dozen young women instructed by herself, she had, at the expiration of some months, contrived to open a very well stocked shop. This was kept by her maid, Madame de Volnis never appearing in the concern; retired in a solitary lodging, she devoted seven or eight hours of each day to her new profession; and the English knowing that this business was conducted by an interesting young female, patronized it to such a degree, that the plan succeeded beyond all her hopes. Some Emigrants, who considered idleness to be dignity, were greatly shocked at the idea of a lady, who had been formerly presented at court, superintending a manufactory of artificial flowers.—Madame de Volnis did not, however, feel the less satisfied, that it is infinitely more noble to live by one's industry than solicit a pension, or have recourse to the humilating alternative of borrowing. She appeared

charming on this occasion with her fine rosy complexion and cheerful spirits, surrounded by the bouquets of her own composition! However, I did not tell her that she resembled Flora, who, after having fled during the storm, reasserted her empire afterwards: her modest air, repressed exaggerations of this kind; above all, we spoke at length of our journey, and I saw with pleasure, that she did not forget its most trifling details. She asked me a number of questions, and without confiding all my hopes with regard to Edelie or the extent of my attachment, I related the story of the pilgrimage. During this recital, I frequently saw her eyes filled with tears; I admire, said she, the courage and sensibility of Madame de Velmas, and I consider her as extremely happy in being able to acquire such a right to the affection of those she loves! . . . .

The above interview greatly augmented my friendship for Madame de Volnis, and I did not fail, in taking my leave, to

promise that I would avail myself of the permission granted to renew the visit, on our return; this privilege was still farther enhanced by her adding, that I was the only unmarried person to whom it was granted.

Before leaving London, we made a number of excursions in the environs, and amongst others, to Dulwich, where there is a college founded in 1619, by an excellent comedian of those days, William Allen, who retired to, and ended his days there; also to Mr. Pope's beautiful house at Twickenham, not omitting a visit to the church wherein that prince of versification, caused the erection of a monument to the memory of the faithful servant, who had watched over the first years of his infancy. An affecting proof of gratitude, which is the more worthy of notice, from my not being acquainted with another instance of the kind in any country.

We began our tour by going to Bristol, where Eusebius wished to consult a French

medical practitioner, for his mother, and of whom wonderful cures were related; as he had come from Montpellier, we were not surprised at not having heard of him before.

CHAP. V.

Continuation of the Tour.—Singular Meeting.

On our arrival at Bristol, Tiburtius found a long letter from Madame de Palmis, he hastened to make known its contents, which astonished me greatly. This espistle, written with the greatest care, contained a detail of her occupations, which presented, at the same time, an enumeration of her talents. In speaking of her literary studies, she manifested the purest principles, united with the most unexceptionable moral sentiments. This language did not surprise me, for it was her own; but the austere counsel she gave Tiburtius, and the sentimental tone,

in some respects of a maternal nature, which she adopted towards him, appeared rather unnatural, after their former intimacy, and the coldness which had succeeded between them. Tiburtius explained this apparent singularity. Previous to our departure, he had a long conversation with her, in the course of which, she informed him that a dashing young nobleman, Lord Charles Dandelion, had fallen in love with her, and that, owing to his agreeable manners, as well as large fortune, she would most probably have listened to the addresses of a suitor, so well calculated to insure her happiness, had it not been for the anxiety she naturally felt to return to her own country, where she still cherished the hope of being useful to the unfortunate, and atoning, by acts of benevolence, no less than purity of conduct, for the errors of the past. Highly as she esteemed Lord Charles, Madame de Palmis could never abandon the foregoing design for the most brilliant establish-

ment a foreign alliance could bestow; finally, the Marchioness expressed a determination to adopt all those means which were most likely to realize the above laudable intentions; adding, that she looked for the friendship of Tiburtius, to second her project by the most *perfect discretion*, as to the past, together with such proofs of respectful esteem, as might tend effectually to silence the voice of calumny and slander. I gave her my word to observe this, continued Tiburtius, and shall keep it, punctually following all she desires; she told me that she attached the utmost importance to the good opinion of Eusebius, whose destiny it was to enjoy the highest respect and consideration wherever he went. In fact, I am convinced this letter is also intended for him, and I shall not fail to show it: agreeable to this declaration, and sincere in all his proceedings, Tiburtius lost no time in handing the above epistle to the Viscount, who was quite charmed

with it, upon which the former launched forth into the warmest panegyrics on the character of Madame de Palmis, which the purest esteem and admiration could suggest.

In the mean time, Eusebius sent a message to the famous french doctor, (Dumesnil) to request he would call on him at the inn. On the following day an answer came to say that the doctor would attend next morning at ten o'clock precisely. After waiting two hours beyond the time, without there being the least appearance of M. Dumesnil's fulfilling his engagement, the Viscount and Tiburtius went out, while I remained to write some letters. About half past twelve, the doctor arrived, and anxious to see this wonderful man, I descended from my bed room, into the parlour, for the purpose of receiving him. Some moments after, a person in black entered, wearing an enormous full-bottomed perriwig, profusely powdered, and leaning on a large gold headed cane. I looked at him with a mixture of astonishment and hesitation, which he answered

by a loud laugh, while I recognized my friend Saint André whom I left at Rome! After the first salutations were over: What, my friend, said I, have you become a physician?—The revolution, replied he, has produced many other metamorphosis, infinitely more surprising. Forced to expatriate myself under pain of death, destitute of talents, and consequently of celebrity; I nevertheless thought it necessary to decide on some pursuit. Foreign countries are glutted with French tutors and governesses, I neither possessed abilities nor inclination for the tuition of children, still less to write novels or political pamphlets. But I understood Latin, it only took me six days to learn the abreviations used in medicine, and how to draw out prescriptions. I next compiled a small vocabulary of ten or twelve pages, containing all the technical phraseology of the *profession*, so that what with these, my dictionary of drugs, a treatise on medicinal plants, *Buchans Domestic Medicine* and the *London Dispensary*, I was in less than three months a capital doctor.

For I only treat chronic cases, particularly those of women, which are almost invariably caused by lassitude and indolence, or inward sorrows created by moral affections....——What! can you heal the wounds occasioned by unhappy passions?—I can at least divert the patient's attention from them, and prevent their injuring the body; for this purpose I prescribe regular occupation, exercise proportioned to the patient's strength, and good regimen, to all who consult me. I relieve some and fortify others, by tranquillizing them as to their situation, and inspiring hope; I also give them a turn for mental and bodily activity, and know not how it is, but my success has been incredible.—I am by no means surprized at it, moreover I am convinced that if the legislature of a country occupied itself in devising means to extirpate *quackery*, and there was less avarice and hypocrisy in the regular profession, such a reform, aided by greater simplicity of treatment, would be the means of annually saving

many valuable lives.—Why, to say the truth, my friend, rejoined Saint-André, I have myself been always inclined to think that, in the diseases which I profess to treat, a knowledge of the human heart, is much more efficacious than all the precepts of Galen and Hipocrates; I was consulted about four months ago, by an English lady of high rank, who thought herself in a dying state, occasioned by mere indolence and a total want of useful employment, the fear of death had, in effect, reduced her to a wretched condition; I began by raising her spirits with the hopes of a speedy recovery, and dissipating all gloomy ideas, I then suggested the necessity of adhering to some of the principles already mentioned, and having understood that she used formerly to play on the piano-forte, I directed that she should apply to it for two hours each day, adding a number of pertinent observations on the *utility of moving the fingers*. I also desired that an equal portion of time should be devoted to plucking up the noxious herbs, and other weeds

out of her garden; these were to be put into a barrow, which she was to wheel, and deposit about fifteen hundred yards from the spot. I succeeded in persuading her that this useful exercise had been wisely devised by Galen, to put the muscles into action.—— If they had asked where you saw this practice recommended, you would doubtless have answered, *you had read it in the chapter on wheelbarrows*.....By no means; I should have replied *scientifically*, that this exercise was equivalent to that of the *alter*,* in reality invented

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* *Alter*, or *halter*, was, among the ancients, a leaden plummet or weight, which leapers, vaulters, and dancers, held in their hands, as a balance and counterpoise. From the way in which Martial notices it:

> "Quid pareunt stulto fortes ALTERE lacerti?
> "Exercet melius vinea fossa viros."

An *alter* in each hand must have answered the purpose of dumb-bells amongst the moderns, and were doubtless recommended upon the same principle by Galen. ED.

by Galen, and prescribed by him to his convalescents.*——Do you recommend dancing to women?——No; balls are interdicted, because the bad air and late hours so inseparable from them, are alike injurious to health, not to mention the *misery* which ensues on the *following day*. If I had not professed *principles*, the practice of medicine would have given me them; for I constantly see, that a life devoted to frivolity and fashion is never happy, while consumptions very frequently terminate them; as to those who suffer themselves to be dominated by vile passions, such as gaming, libertinism, drunkenness and gluttony, they are certainly the most contemptible, as well as the most unfortunate of created beings; while deprived of all claims to moral rec-

* This important subject is developed more at large in two works already published, by Madame de Genlis, viz. *Essay on Gymnastic Exercises, applied to Education*, published in 1790; and *Lessons of a Governess*, which appeared in the same year.

titude, the most corroding diseases embitter their youth, bring on a premature old age, full of remorse and suffering: whereas, noble inclinations, a fondness for study and prudence, not only confirm us in health, but cherish the great sources of life, preserving the intellectual faculties to the most advanced periods of old age.——This is the language of a preacher.——And ought to be that of every physician; be assured, my friend, that the greatest quacks and most ignorant practitioners, are those who separate morals from medicine, and who make a point of replacing agreeable pastimes, temperance, moderate exercise, and well-regulated habits, by superfluous nostrums. —But are you not afraid of being recognized by some of your own countrymen? ——Far from it; I only visit emigrants of a class to which I did not belong; that is to say, those of the old Court. Besides, I have travelled much; fatigue has made me look old, and, what with dying my eyebrows black, and a well-powdered

wig, I am so disguised, that my countrymen, whom I merely see for a moment, cannot discover who I am. But what does the Viscount d'Inglar want?——To consult you about his mother.—How old is she?——Fifty-five.——So much the worse; I prefer young patients.——Although not a doctor, my taste is also in that way.——Is she clever?——By no means.——A bad prognostic! What's her complaint?——Exhaustion, vapours, and natural decay; she is inconsolable at the idea of being no longer in possession of boxes at the theatres, a carriage to ride in, and, above all, that she cannot dance attendance on the Court of Versailles.——Oh! this gives me some idea of her character.——Yes; the Marchioness is egotistical, indolent and weak: she has never read one good book, or performed a single useful action.——Then I pronounce her disease incurable! ——However, her life has been exempt from all reproach.——Yes, she thinks it so; as if a life passed in idleness and fri-

volity, was not one of absolute culpability! It is not enough that a woman should be virtuous, and distinguished for her fidelity as a wife, and affection as a mother, it is necessary that she should merit all the praise expressed in this admirable epitaph, taken from a tomb of antiquity: *Her life was chaste; she occupied her time usefully, and was attached to her home.*——I regret to say, that the lady we are speaking of is not only a stranger to useful occupation, but heartily tired of her own house.——There is always some resource in the flexibility of youth, but I know of none at fifty-five, and in the state you describe, particularly when the party feels no remorse for having so unprofitably employed such a number of years. The energy of repentance may furnish some remedy for improving the future, but there is no efficacious one, when the vital powers are attacked or undermined; above all, for a patient whose conscience and body are equally insensible to feeling. The insipidity of her recollections

is alone sufficient to bring about dissolution. It can answer no purpose for me to prescribe *palliatives; analeptic pills*, *balm of Gilead*, *anti-spasmodics*, together with all the other *et ceteras* of the modern school, these will be vainly administered in such a hopeless case; all they could produce would be, to give a temporary stimulus to a melancholy existence, and if she could, by any chance, take them with impunity for six months, the spleen would surely arrive at the end of that period, and finally end her earthly sorrows. At these words the doctor, having previously told me to keep all he had said a profound secret, took an affectionate leave of me, and retired, with a promise, however, of coming the next day, which he fulfilled. Eusebius, who had never seen Saint André, was delighted with this opportunity of consulting so celebrated a man, and when the physician departed, I could scarcely help laughing, to hear the Viscount extol his *original views*, *deep thinking*, and *profound know-*

ledge of the medical art! It is certain, however, that Doctor Saint André effected numerous cures, became a practitioner of great celebrity, and what is more, sustained a high reputation till his departure from England, where he remained two years. We left Bristol in about ten days after, and travelled till the end of December, that is to say, during a period of nearly three months, in the whole of which time I was never weary of admiring the diversity and multiplicity of charitable institutions. In travelling through England, you incessantly see fine bridges, superb roads, canals cut by private individuals, and public libraries, even in the small towns, as at Malden, in Essex, where there is one founded by a Doctor Plume, and in which every inhabitant of the place is allowed to read or take any book he likes, by leaving a deposit equal to its value. There are also charity schools without number: many women have had the glory of founding several at Oxford,

Cambridge, and other places. It was a female who established the fine college at Aberdeen, into which none are admitted, except those who give signs of great talent: they are received at first on trial, when every means are tried to prove their aptness; should there be a deficiency in them, they receive a gratuity and are discharged. We also visited hospitals of every kind, particularly that which a merchant, John Morden, founded in Kent, for decayed merchants; also a retreat for widows, by the Duchess Dowager of Somerset, where each have two rooms, and the permission, if she has a daughter, to retain her at the expence of the establishment. The interesting asylum established at Hungerford, by a Bishop of Salisbury, where four men and as many women, who, after having enjoyed all the comforts of life, find themselves in poverty, without having contributed to it by their own fault, are provided for; it is here, that angelic bounty, embellishing charity

with all the charm of elegance, unattended by luxury or form, renews to these unfortunate sufferers the happiness of their more prosperous days, with the certainty of not losing it again! At Newark we experienced great pleasure in walking through the beautiful range of houses built by Doctor Wilson, designed for the gratuitous occupation of poor tradesmen. We were also most agreeably accommodated near the Isle of Sheppey, in a small edifice large enough to contain eight or ten persons, and which a gentleman named George Fox, after having waited for some time during a very cold night, without being able to get a boat, caused to be erected for the convenience of future travellers.

While in Hampshire, we saw the charitable institution founded by Cardinal Beaufort: here, by an old regulation, it was enjoined that each traveller who knocked at the door and requested charity, should receive a loaf of bread and a mug of beer. At Newbery we saw the

beautiful church built by Jack Winchcombe.*

On passing through the extensive forest of Wingfield Park, we got out of the carriage in order to examine the stone table and pillar which are erected half way on the road, a monument of filial piety constructed by order of the Countess of Pembroke, who, travelling with her mother, had separated from her in this place, and never saw her more. Every year, there is placed on the stone table a sum of money, being a foundation for ever, which is distributed to the poor of the neighbouring parish. An inscription engraven on the pillar contains an account of those circumstances, and the eulogium of the mother, while it expresses the daughter's regrets.

We admired the cordiality of the inhabitants of Cornwall, who, whether relations or not, call each other *cousins*;

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* A famous clothier in the reign of Henry VIII., celebrated for his patriotism and riches.

the primitive manners of the principality of Wales, and its picturesque beauty, heightened by the occasional view of the shepherds playing on the harp, seated on the rocks. Scotland, and even Ireland, also full of benevolent institutions, presented a picture of ancient hospitality, improved with the civilization introduced by Christianity. In short, this journey was the more delightful to me, as we received at Edinburgh a large packet, sent from London, containing letters from Edelie and the Abbé Desforges: there was one in it from Edelie, addressed to me. With what joy did I not see that the pious effervescence of her imagination, far from weakening the pure attachment she had towards me, seemed to give it a higher degree of sublimity! She informed me that, after having in her first letter prepared her mother for an explicit avowal of her sentiments and projects, she had at length acquainted her that she was irrevocably determined to espouse me on her return. Eusebius,

after much hesitation, consented to shew me the letter that his mother had written to him on this subject, telling me at the same time, that I should be very discontented with it: in reality, this letter expressed the most lively indignation at *such an alliance*, and Madame d'Inglar concluded it by entreating Eusebius to prevail on his sister at least not to make public this *strange marriage, which every sense of propriety should condemn to secrecy*. Eusebius seeing how much I was affected, observed; I have answered my mother, and begged she would permit me to remind her, that even before the revolution, a large fortune was always a good excuse for marrying beneath one's-self, and that I hoped she would agree with me, that in this case virtue, personal merit, inestimable services, a devotedness without bounds, a strong attachment on one side, a high degree of gratitude, perfect esteem and real affection on the other, were motives infinitely more noble. As to keeping the marriage

secret, I said, as I have always thought, that that woman who is her own mistress, degrades herself when she blushes to bear the name of him she marries. I pressed my friend's hand, but said nothing, for my thanks would have hurt his feelings.

After having travelled over Scotland and Ireland, we returned to England, but by another route: we traversed the arid plains of Buxton: while there I saw an object which struck me as being very remarkable. On these dreary scenes, covered with heath, the only habitations consist of miserable huts, very distant from each other, and which are occupied by shepherds, who possess only a small garden and some goats. Ambition is unknown in those deserts: each cultivates merely what is necessary for his subsistence, and all are contented: to work for superfluities would there appear folly; and, in effect, that excessive labour which destroys leisure, and with it, all the charms of meditation, could only have been the result of defective social

institutions. We perceived at the doors of three or four of those little huts, some shepherds seated; one of them held a book, and was reading with the greatest attention. I had the curiosity to inspect what the book was, which seemed to absorb so much of his time. I left the carriage, and entered the cottage, with the pretence of asking for a glass of water; on looking over his shoulder, what was my astonishment on seeing the name of Shakspeare at the top of the page!* In spite of the light which illuminates us from all quarters, I believe it would be rather difficult to find in France, on the sandy plains of Bordeaux or of Brittany,

* This was seen by the author in 1791. These shepherds could not have reached such a degree of civilization, were it not that, from father to son, they all received a religious education; the Bible is read to them every day, from their earliest infancy to youth; they can well meditate on it during their long leisure; and that sacred book, the depositary of the only true morality, is found in all their cottages.

or even in the neighbourhood of Paris, shepherds reading the tragedies of Corneille?

But, speaking of shepherds, Tiburtius, who had travelled much in Germany, told us of the happy peasants of Holstein and Jutland, under the Danish domination. The manners, laws, religion, morality, and excellent policy of the government, present in that country the most cordial picture that public happiness can offer: there, the nobility have not a single privilege over the inferior classes that can be injurious or tyrannical; it is there that they are always affable, because they do not possess the hateful power of oppressing, or the ridiculous right of exacting feudal services. The Lord of the Castle treats, *as neighbours*, the farmers on his estate; often in his walks he enters their houses, and takes tea with the family. When a peasant marries off one of his children, it is the Lord of the Castle who gives the nuptial entertainment at his resi-

dence, and this is done with great magnificence; the new-married couple and their relations are placed at his table, while the host and hostess are entirely occupied with them, not only during the feast, but for the whole day, which is always concluded with a ball. The next day, the Lord, accompanied by his family, and even with as many friends as he can assemble, goes to visit the young couple, and each of the party takes a present to them.* In short, continued Tibertius, who gave this account, you may there see a nobility full of humanity and kindness, and peasants as civilized as the shepherds in eclogues, who are, besides, rich, happy, and consequently peaceable. Liberty, and that kind of

* The above remarks are the result of what has been witnessed during eighteen months passed at a cottage in Holstein, where young labourers were also observed playing very agreeably on the spinet and flute, from music, and one of them writing very pretty German poetry.

equality which can alone exist, are found realized in that country, and all Denmark, under kings as despotic as the Grand Seignor: yet I do not mean to assert, that liberty can only be enjoyed under *despots;* but, I admire the ascendancy of public morals united with sound policy. The sovereigns of that kingdom have long been aware, that princes are firmly established on their thrones only by justice, popularity, and the gratitude of their subjects of every class. It is therefore the more desirable, said Eusebius, that such an excellent system should be consolidated, that in future (if it be possible to govern futurity), no king could have power to overturn it. But, where is the use of regulations and oaths, if they do not correspond with sentiments and principles? Then, the best institutions produce only momentary repose, a kind of *truce* with turbulent anarchy, which are soon broken by licentiousness, and the destructive rage for convulsions and agitations. The most

important concern of kings, therefore, is to occupy themselves with the care of maintaining, or re-establishing good morals, and the love of social order.

CHAP. VI.

Conclusion of Julien's Travels.—Ill-humour of Madame d'Inglar.—Generous act of Friendship on the part of Tiburtius for Julien.—Singular event.

On arriving at the humble residence of Eusebius, we found Madame d'Inglar more indisposed, that is to say, more relaxed in mind than ever: her ill-humour fell equally on Mademoiselle de Versec and poor Casilda. I had given the latter a little plan of studies, and seeing that she had not attended to it, I scolded her: she replied to me, with tears in her eyes, that Madame d'Inglar had prevented her from making any progress, because she

had required her to pass her whole time in the drawing-room by her side. But, said I, you could have drawn and painted there? I would have been very happy to do so, rejoined Casilda, and for that purpose I requested a small table to place at a window, but it was refused me. —For what reason?—Madame d'Inglar said that it would be an incumbrance, and lumber the room.—And how did you pass the day?—In looking out of the window, ringing the bell, making purses, and embroidering on the finger; for she could not bear to see a tambour frame; but she liked best of all, that nothing whatever should be done. Madame de Volnis, who came to pay her a visit, had the goodness to propose teaching me to make artificial flowers; Madam d'Inglar rejected this obliging offer, by observing that *I should find no time for it!* She also reflected severely on Madame de Volnis afterwards, asserting that she was deficient in *dignity of soul*, because she sold flowers. All this gave me great

uneasiness.——-And how does Madame d'Inglar occupy herself?—From time to time she begins a little needle-work, which Mademoiselle de Versec and I finish.—And what is her conversation about?—She complains incessantly.—Well, but does she not keep late hours, and.......—Pardon me, though she has no fixed hour for going to bed, she never retires to it before twelve or one o'clock, and frequently later, besides, it is necessary to remain with her until the moment she is going to undress. She rises at mid-day, when I am obliged to enter her chamber; but before she is awake, I have always read an hour, and played a little; that is all I could do——Good God! what a wretched life, and what a woman to superintend the education and morals of a young person! But unfortunately such is the character, whims and conduct of most idle egotists; not only do they give themselves up to a stupid apathy, and the most shameful listlessness, but they regard all regular

and continued occupation in those who surround them, with absolute hatred; it appears a kind of reproach, that makes them sensible of their humiliating nullity, and is therefore intolerable. After this ingenuous confession of my sister, I determined to withdraw her from the care of Madame d'Inglar; I was fully confident that the Duchess, or the worthy and sympathetic Madame de Volnis would take charge of her with the greatest pleasure; but, from respect to Eusebius I could not take her from the Marchioness, except for the purpose of consigning her to my mother, whilst I was waiting for that union, which in crowning all my wishes, would also afford me the happiness of delivering Casilda to her benefactress.

I found that my sister had not gone more than twice to visit Mr. Smith, the eccentric and benevolent man, of whom I have already spoken; that he and Mrs. Smith had lavished the greatest kindness on her, but that Madame d'Inglar had

hindered her from going more frequently; this provoked me very much, as I had a kind of presentiment that Mr. Smith, who had neither children nor near relations, was very much disposed to do something extraordinary in favor of Casilda. I conducted her there several times, when she was received with open arms, and by her singing and playing on the harp, she completely won their hearts. Madame d'Inglar was highly displeased that I should so dispose of my sister, whom she had absolutely made her slave: she displayed her discontent on this subject in a ridiculous and even coarse manner, by telling me that, whilst she remained in her house, she considered it *rather unbecoming* that Casilda should be intimately acquainted *with manufacturers.* I had need of all my attachment to Eusebius to prevent me from replying sharply to this impertinent folly, and many others of the same kind which I was condemned to hear daily; for the sentiments of Edelie and her last letter, had raised her

aversion to me to the highest degree. This conduct made me suffer still more, as I was sure it afflicted Eusebius ; but I could not speak of it to him. Mademoiselle de Versec worn out with the perpetually increasing ill-humour of Madame d'Inglar, would have received my confidential complaints with joy ; but I did not sufficiently esteem her disposition to meet the advances she made me on this point. I could only open my mind to Tiburtius ; all this he would say proceeds from the certainty that you will be her son-in-law ; her pride had induced her to speculate on the birth, rank, and beauty of Edelie ; she hoped to marry her to some great English nobleman, and by that means resume her station in a brilliant circle ; which would, in some degree, have lessened her vexatious lassitude : for, it is so consoling for a widow of fifty-five, to inhabit a grand drawing room decorated with gilding, mirrors, lustres, and courtiers, and to be able to say *my daughter*, *lady so and so*

instead of which, what a torment for *a dignified soul* to be limited to a comfortable house, with a son the most perfect of beings, a virtuous daughter, charming and happy, but the wife of a *Delmour!* If you could even boast of any alliance somewhat elevated, if your uncle's widow had not quitted the illustrious name of S**** for that of Le Dru!......Yes, I replied, her incurable vanity will poison all my happiness; we shall have a dreadful home; I shall see Eusebius suffer, and an adored wife still more wretched! Who can foresee the afflicting scenes which Madame d'Inglar may be preparing for us? How will she receive her daughter?....She will, I am sure, overwhelm her with reproaches. But if, to hinder this marriage, she should menace her with malediction!......Edelie, always ready to sacrifice herself, to a sense of duty, would renounce me: these thoughts are distracting!..... Zounds! exclaimed Tiburtius, an idea has just struck me; have you a mind that I

should marry your sister? Since my father's death, they call me the Duke de Palmis here; so that if the Marchioness d'Inglar were to see you with a Duke for your brother-in-law, she would doubtless consent to your marriage with a better grace: say, shall it be a match? From not visiting Madame d'Inglar, never seeing your sister excepting at mass, I am not yet in love with her; but, she is beautiful as an angel, possesses great natural talents and is, I am sure, well educated; my heart is free, and I shall love to madness, when we are better acquainted; in the mean time, however, I think it will have a much finer effect to marry her rather from friendship for you, than out of love to herself. / During this conversation I kept my eyes constantly fixed on Tiburtius, and could not help feeling the utmost admiration for one who shewed himself capable of such enthusiasm in friendship and all that was generous; every feature of his face denoted the perfect sincerity of his original and romantic

disposition: my dear Tiburtius, said I, this offer from any other person could only strike me as an amusing sally, but I am aware how seriously it comes from you: nature has conferred on you a degree of candour, combined with greatness of mind and sympathy, which naturally leads you to the performance of extraordinary and sublime actions, with all the simplicity of a child. Hear me then, if Casilda had not been merely my sister *by the mother's side*, if she had owed her existence to my honest and worthy father the confectioner, I would reflect maturely on this generous offer, but I cannot accept it: Casilda is the daughter of a wretch who has justly suffered an ignominious death; if, hereafter, she should by her beauty and virtues induce some other person to overlook the misfortune of her birth, it will make me truly happy: in the mean time, I ought not to permit my friend to marry her, especially from his regard towards myself; besides, such an unheard of marriage

would justly prove an affliction to your stepmother, and be universally condemned: I shall never forget this affecting proof of your friendship, but I conjure you to renounce all idea of it for ever. It is my first impressions, only that are meritorious, replied Tiburtius, I do not abandon them without very good reasons, and certainly, yours do not convince me; they might, indeed, have some weight if Casilda had been brought up by her father, or, at least, under his controul; but she has been, from her infancy, consigned to the most virtuous of instructors, who has inculcated every principle of a morality equally pure, with her own mind and conduct. Her father's death appears disgraceful to you, only because you had known the life he led, which was too obscure to have left any trace behind; and in those days, to have died on a scaffold, was by no means dishonorable. As for my stepmother, if I were to consult her, no doubt she would make many objections; but, the thing

once done, she would receive Casilda with tenderness, only seeing her good qualities, graces and accomplishments.—But, think my friend, of the marriage you can make with the fortune you still possess, not to mention your name, youth, and agreeable manners!——I have no inclination to marry, but for the purpose of leading a regular life, and to do that I must find domestic happiness; I am heartily tired of the inconstancy, the vicissitudes and horrid vacuum of a situation that knows no comforts, to me at least; if public affairs should re-open a noble career of ambition, I shall avail myself of it with a superior emulation, when I have the wife of my own choice; and if not, I can enjoy the felicity of a tranquil home, which is well worth any other. A snug house in the country, a garden and paddock, reading useful books, conversation with three or four persons of sense, a charming wife, pretty children, and sincere friend, together with a clear conscience, what more can

be desired to complete happiness? And can I not have all that with Casilda, yourself and Edelie, Eusebius, my stepmother, and three hundred thousand francs?./....

It was useless for me to resume my exhortation; Tiburtius persisted in his plan; he made me promise no longer to oppose what he termed *common-place* arguments to his wishes, but conjured me to reflect on them without obstinacy or prejudices. At the same conference he spoke to me of Madame de Palmis; he told me that Lord Dandelion's love for her increased every day, and that he believed she would at last be induced to *take pity on his Lordship*!

Notwithstanding the peevishness of Madame d'Inglar, on *the frequent going out* of Casilda, I continued to take her occasionally to visit Mr. Smith, who was every day still more delighted with her. I witnessed at his house an event which, from its singularity merits to be described: Mr. Smith was of the

Romish church, and had a sister a nun in France, who had been, before the revolution, abbess in a provincial convent. Mr. Smith had sent money to her with great solicitude, and wrote to offer her an asylum; she also found the means of sending him a letter, in which she accepted his proffered invitation, adding that she would join him as soon as there were any means of escaping without danger: Mr. Smith had been a long time uneasy, when he, at length, received the happy tidings of her having landed at Dover: upon this, there was an apartment immediately prepared for her, and the family expected she would arrive in twenty four hours; in reality, at the end of that time, about two o'clock in the day, two great stage coaches passed through our village and stopped before the house of Mr. Smith, who ran into the street with his wife, to receive his sister. He saw with surprise the two carriages laden entirely with women, almost packed on each other, and according to the English cus-

tom, there were a great many on the roofs; he, of course, attended only to his sister, who hastly quitting the coach, threw herself into his arms, embraced him several times, and then turning to her travelling companions, said, *descend, my sisters, behold our asylum!* The worthy abbess had come at the head of her community! believing herself inseperable from her nuns, she thought that they were tacitly comprehended in the invitation from her brother: she made some excuses for having brought *only thirty-five!* and related to us how she had lost nineteen: four had received the palm of matyrdom on the scaffold; the others had taken refuge among their relations; those who formed the suite of the abbess, had all lost their friends.) We remarked among those pious *orphans* a nun of eighty years of age, to whom Mrs. Smith paid particular attention, declaring that no other person should take care of her. The abbess had only been delayed by the difficulty she found in as-

sembling this holy caravan, which had been dispersed in all quarters by the revolutionary storms.*

It may be imagined what confusion and noise such an unexpected arrival of thirty-six persons would cause in a private house, where they had come to fix their residence. Mr. Smith behaved admirably on the occasion; he called this sudden incumbrance of a whole monastery, *a present from Providence*, and the nuns were received with the most affecting hospitality. It is true that all the trouble fell on Mrs. Smith, but she supported it with a good grace, and did not sit down till she had by her personal exertions arranged the chambers and made up beds for these fugitive vestals. Mr. Smith was infinitely obliged to me for relieving

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* This adventure happened to Mr. Swinburne, author of two charming voyages; one in Spain, the other in Sicily; and redounds as much to the honour of the English, as to the disgrace of the French nation.

him in a week from the farther charge of twelve.

The Duchess and Madame de Volnis received four of this number, and induced their friends to take some more; this example was followed by many other ladies; so that our neighbourhood was inundated with nuns, and in less than six months, there only remained with Mr. Smith, his sister and the good old superannuated lady whom Mrs. Smith had reserved to herself from the first day.

CHAP. VII.

Julien determines on residing entirely in London.—His friendship for Madame de Volnis.—Intimacy between Eusebius and the Marchioness de Palmis.—A cruel disappointment.

EUSEBIUS had written a work on the Revolution, it was now the month of February; and as this book was to be published soon, I undertook to distribute the presentation copies for the author; with this view, I went to London and occupied a small apartment which the Duchess de Palmis had lent me in her own house. I saw Madame de Volnis constantly, and often spoke to her of Edelie; she sympathised in all my sentiments, and I felt no less esteem for this amiable woman's character, than confidence in her sincerity.

The work written by Eusebius had the

greatest success; after its appearance, he received a proposal to engage in a French newspaper, to which he consented, on còndition that I should be permitted to join him in the undertaking: he answered for my capacity and I was accepted. I thus received my commission of authorship from Eusebius, which obtained a small pension for me, this, added to the money I gained by miniatures and cameo drawing, that I occasionally executed, and for which I was paid high prices, gave me the means of living in London without encroaching on my principal, placed in the public funds. I had been a fortnight in London, when Madame de Volnis intreated me to rent a small lodging, then vacant, in the house where she resided; she advised me to go and live in it immediately with Casilda, offering to let the nun she had taken at my request, remain with her until the arrival of my mother, and promising besides, to take care of my sister, especially during my absence.

Certain of the great pleasure this arrangement would afford Casilda, I did not hesitate to accept it; particularly as it would also enable her to pursue some useful studies, which Madame d'Inglar had obliged her to neglect. Before I left London, Tiburtius came to see me, and said, that the acquaintance of Eusebius and the Marchioness de Palmis became every day more intimate, and that every one felt satisfied the Viscount was passionately in love with her; though, at the same time, it was supposed, she did not feel inclined to sacrifice Lord Dandelion, as he continued his visits to her, without seeming to entertain the smallest jealousy. I was perfectly sure that Eusebius felt nothing more than friendship for Madame de Palmis, but, true to his secret, I let Tiburtius remain in error. Recalling to mind all the questions Madame de Palmis had, at different times, put to me, relative to the Viscount, and the lively regret she expressed at having met

him so seldom, I began to suspect that her ardent imagination had long formed a chimera on this subject, and that she was really inflamed with a violent passion for him. As I was under great obligations to Madame de Palmis, and it formed a part of her plan to preserve silence, I had no right to counteract her designs; I determined therefore not to address Eusebius on the subject: he however, of his own accord, spoke to me of his intimacy with Madame de Palmis, and of her kind care in commending the little Octavia to the Duchess; I see with delight, he continued, that the latter regards Octavia as being destined to become her daughter-in-law; she has even told me so openly; every thing induces her to cherish this idea; for it was that of her late husband; and Madame de Palmis repeats it to her with the most cordial interest for me. No wonder, therefore, that it has led to an intermi-

nable friendship for the Marchioness. Induced by the charm of meeting the Duchess there, I call at her house almost every day; when fortunate enough to find the object of attraction, she speaks only of Octavia and her education. So that we shall be some day or other united by the fondest ties; she has no other idea; for I have only inspired her with confidence and friendship, nor has she the slightest suspicion of my sentiments: yet, my attachment increases to such a degree, that it renders me the unhappiest of mortals. I have been often tempted to discover it to Madame de Palmis, who would, I am sure, serve me; but, besides being restrained by the situation in which I now find myself, I am also kept back, from an idea that, if the Duchess should not approve of my sentiments, and as she has so frequently repeated, is irrevocably decided, never to marry again, she will always experience a painful embarrassment in my presence, and perhaps may

ever renounce the plan of uniting Octavius to my daughter!......I am truly unfortunate.......

These expressions affected me the more, as every thing I saw really proved how much he suffered: I found him wasted, changed, and subjected to a degree of melancholy, which all his reason could not surmount. On going to see Madame de Palmis shortly after, the reception I met with, from her, confirmed all my suspicions. I found so much exaggeration in the friendship she professed for myself, that I plainly saw she could only have lavished her attentions in this way, with the hope that I would speak of her with enthusiasm to Eusebius. Having frequently repeated my visits, he still continued to be the only topic of her conversation; inquiring the cause of his melancholy, she added, that he should place more confidence in her, and pressed me to induce his doing so. Eusebius, who was the least forward of mankind, and who was also persuaded that Madame de

Palmis would marry Lord Charles, had no suspicion whatever of her love for him. She permitted the hopes of his Lordship (so slightly grounded) in order that she might make a merit of such a brilliant sacrifice to Eusebius. Accustomed to rule every heart, and still in the zenith of her charms, she was convinced that the Viscount adored her in secret; and she had spared no pains, by the adoption of fictitious confidences, made with infinite art, to re-establish her tarnished reputation in his mind; not only did Eusebius appear to believe her, but, from motives of regard to the Marchioness, he had always maintained, that no rational person ever supposed she could have essentially failed in her duty; in short, the Viscount shewed the most lively attachment towards her, and she could not help perceiving that he anxiously wished to open his mind upon some subject, but fancied that he was restrained by that diffidence and timidity inseparable from first love, not to mention her engagement

with Lord Charles; she therefore expected his declaration daily, while the thought of the Duchess de Palmis being the cause of his melancholy, never once presented itself to her imagination. Eusebius scarcely ever visited the Duchess; when he met her at the house of Madame de Palmis, he never fixed his eyes on her, but became more silent, and appeared absent: all these circumstances were so many further proofs of indifference, or the natural effects of that uneasiness and constraint caused by the presence of a third person. The Duchess, on her part, believing that Eusebius was deeply enamoured of Madame de Palmis, saw him without affection, and consequently without danger. In the midst of this general misunderstanding, and being the only one acquainted with the truth, I was very curious to see how this labyrinth of love, mistakes and illusions, would terminate.

One day, after having made a long visit to the Marchioness, I rose to take leave, when the door opened, and Euse-

bius was announced; so that politeness induced me to stay a few minutes longer. We were speaking of you, said Madame de Palmis; I told him I was sure you concealed from me some secret pang, and that I was greatly afflicted at your reserve. She pronounced these words with so much feeling, that Eusebius was also affected, and sighed deeply as he sat down. Madame de Palmis, availing herself of this moment of agitation, approached him, and intreated he would relieve his mind by an unlimited confidence. As you desire it, said Eusebius, I cannot resist the kind interest you express for me; you shall know all...... At these words, Madame de Palmis, having now reached the summit of her hopes, seated herself beside him; I got up to depart, in the intention of leaving them together, when Eusebius requested I would stay, which greatly surprised the Marchioness, who doubtless thought it very strange a witness should be required on making a declaration of love. Eusebius imme-

diately explained his motive: Julien knows my secret, said he, and I wish him to certify to you, that a confession of it had escaped me more than eight years ago. Ah! replied the Marchioness, tenderly, I require not his testimony to believe you! No matter, said Eusebius, I wish him to confirm the truth of part of what I am going to reveal to you. Thus it was decided that I should hear this explanation, which was so cruelly to undeceive Madame de Palmis. I lamented her distress, by anticipation; but this scene was so truly singular, that my curiosity overpowered my compassion.

Placing myself in front of the Marchioness, and with my eyes fixed on her, I waited with a kind of trepidation for the developement of this strange conversation: joy, agitation, but yet a sort of disquietude, were depicted on her countenance; while the Viscount's attitude, and the expression of his features, announced rather the revelation of some great mystery, than a declaration of love. As to

Madame de Palmis, she looked at him with astonishment; at last, after a long silence, he spoke:—You may well imagine, Madam, said he, that it is only when influenced by an unhappy passion, that a man can be affected as I am!.... I could control it when it was contrasted with my duty; but, since it has ceased to be culpable, I have no longer strength to resist it.......These words seemed so well adapted to the circumstances of the Marchioness, that she had no doubt but the most simple question would cause Eusebius to throw himself at her feet. Well! said she, with an inexpressible emotion and great penetration; well! who is the object of it?——Your angelic sister-in-law, the Duchess de Palmis.... I fully expected what would be the effect of this fulminating reply to the unfortunate confidant, and yet, it affected me dreadfully; I saw Madame de Palmis tremble, grow pale, and on the point of fainting. Eusebius held both his hands to his face, and remaining several mi-

nutes in that attitude, perceived nothing that could induce him to suspect the truth. The Marchioness, under pretence of going to give orders that no person should be admitted, rose and left the room hastily. She would not ring the bell, said Eusebius to me, that the servant might not see me in the state I now am; besides, it is necessary that she should take particular precautions that, of all others, the Duchess does not enter; for, what would become of me if she made her appearance at this time!.... Ah! my friend, continued he, there then is revealed that secret which I had concealed for eight years in the inmost recesses of my heart!......I cannot explain the species of anxiety which this idea causes me!......I am not ignorant that, to serve me, Madame de Palmis, with every necessary precaution, will inform her sister-in-law of all! Thus, in a short time, my fate will be decided, and perhaps I shall have to regret, with despair, that my hopes are for ever vanished.

I answered Eusebius, by saying all that I could imagine likely to be consolatory, but in a most embarrassed tone; for I waited the return of Madame de Palmis with the utmost impatience. She did not re-appear for nearly a quarter of an hour, but returned armed with all the strength she could summon from wounded pride and mortified self-love, interested in concealing a mortal vexation, and great disappointment. Still it was easy, for whoever could have suspected her sentiments, to distinguish, beneath the calm she affected, the agony of her mind, at once embittered and dejected. Now, said she, I am certain we shall not be interrupted; I can now listen to you: speak, therefore.....That I may be enabled to serve you, I must be informed of all the details of this singular attachment. At those words, she sat down, took a small shade in her hand, and, under pretext of warming herself at the fire, almost turned her back to Eusebius. After the animated questions which had

preceded his confession, this manner, so cold and dry, made the Viscount suppose Madame de Palmis considered his love as preposterous; he expressed his fears to her, while the latter, making a violent effort to suppress her feelings, encouraged him by saying, that, though she could not assure him of success, yet she really thought he ought not to renounce all hope. Then Eusebius requested she would hear his history, to which she consented. Madame de Palmis then placed herself quite in front of the fire, to prevent the Viscount's seeing her face, while I could only observe her profile. After some minutes silence, Eusebius related the following account of his attachment.—

CHAP. VIII.

History of the Viscount d'Inglar.

"In the reveries of my earliest youth, said Eusebius, I often reflected on the causes that could produce one of those great passions, of which the instances are so common in romance, so rare in real life, and of which the confidential avowals of young men of my own age, never gave me any idea. They often told me that their *heads were turned*: this expression displeased me, for it only appeared a mere caprice. I thought that excessive love, in virtuous hearts, was produced by the enthusiasm of an admiration, founded, above all, on the qualities of the mind. Perfect esteem, the only ground of true friendship, is in itself but a tranquil and considerate admiration, without violence, because time alone can inspire it, in forming it by degrees; and I fi-

gured to myself with emotion the intoxicating charm of so tender a sentiment, when it could dispense with a long experience, and was combined with love. I met no young women, but those, whose frivolous conversation contained only vulgar ideas, and common-place sentiments, so that my heart remained quite free.

"One day, when I was alone with my mother and Mademoiselle de Versec, the Rector of St. Sulpicius, who occasionally visited us, was announced: I had a profound veneration for this virtuous clergyman, who had perfected the admirable establishments of charity begun by his predecessors, and who had himself also founded other good ones. My mother spoke to him of the marriage of one of his parishioners, who, though no longer young, had, a few days before, been united to a young lady of seventeen. It was the Duke de Palmis!......Mademoiselle de Versec criticised an union so ill chosen; the Rector replied, that he

was assured the Duke would find himself very happy in having formed it, because she whom he had espoused, was a lady of the most angelic mind. The Rector, who had known her from her infancy, recounted several admirable features of her character, and concluded with the following :—" The day before yesterday, said he, that is to say, only one after she received her nuptial present, she sent for me, delivered the whole purse, containing a thousand louis d'or, into my hands for the poor; this sum formed part of the present from her intended husband ; she also requested me to inform her about the state of two poor women, near lying-in, as for the three months past, during which her marriage had been in contemplation, she had employed herself in making two sets of child-bed linen, which she wished present to them herself." *

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* The particulars of this circumstance (well known in the Parisian circles) have really been received from the amiable Rector of St. Sulpitius.

"This recital affected me so much, that it occasioned a palpitation of the heart, which was ominous of a still deeper impression......I felt the utmost anxiety to inquire if this very interesting person was handsome, but it was impossible to ask such a question of a Rector....... Mademoiselle de Versec satisfied my imprudent curiosity. She said, it was dreadful that the guardian of this *beautiful* and rich orphan had sacrificed her to ambition, in marrying her to a man known to possess the most harsh and austere disposition. She will soften him, replied the Rector; let us not be alarmed for the fate of a young lady of such rectitude both in mind and conduct.

"This conversation created an extraordinary sensation in me: from that moment I never heard her name mentioned without experiencing, at the same time, both agitation and melancholy. I went on my travels; but this idea never was effaced from my imagination, although it was weakened; there remained only a

sorrowful regret, that Heaven had given to another that very female, who could have most assured the happiness of my existence.

"On my return to Paris, I heard the Duchess spoken of with an admiration which again awakened those insane wishes. I equally dreaded and desired to meet her! But she lived retired in the bosom of her family, with whom I had no acquaintance; and it was a long time before I saw her. When my sister left the convent, she informed me that at Panthemont she had been on terms of the greatest intimacy with the object of my secret thoughts; yet I did not dare to ask a single question about her, but Edelie spoke of her incessantly, and always added to the praises she received from every other quarter.

"On New-Year's day, I went to Versailles, as was the custom with all who had been presented at Court. Proceeding to the mass, at the royal chapel, where I arrived late, I saw a young lady, in full

court-dress, handing about the plate for alms. Her back was turned to me at that moment, but the elegance of her shape, her noble gait, the modesty of her dress, the simplicity of her ornaments, and her beautiful tresses of light hair (I knew that she was fair), enabled me to recognize her immediately !......It was the Duchess !......Gracious heavens ! thought I, what will become of me when she returns this way, and shews me her enchanting face, still more embellished by the sublime expression which benevolence and piety create !......It was thus that, on my first view of her, she appeared in her true character, not in a brilliant company surrounded by the vain dissipations of the world, but in a temple, fulfilling a religious and charitable duty : she was, in fact, an angel, imploring pity for misfortune !......No wonder, therefore, if she was contemplated with the utmost interest. Her beauty would have been less remarkable at a festival, but, there, enveloped in her reputation, which

seemed to shed a ray of the purest glory round her, this enchanting countenance was in exquisite harmony, with the pious office she performed, the recollections she renewed, and the sanctity of the scene ......What was my agitation when I saw her approach, advance her suppliant hand, and raise her lovely eyes of celestial blue!....Alas! on presenting, with a trembling hand my offering, I felt that she had become the arbitress of my existence!......"

At this part of the Viscount's recital, the shade which the unfortunate Marchioness held, fell from her nerveless hand. Eusebius attempted to take it up, but being quicker, I presented it, so as to conceal her face, of which the deadly paleness might have given him at least a suspicion of her unhappy secret!...... My action and the expression of my countenance enabled her to perceive that I was aware of her inward sentiments, Madam de Palmis had now so much need of consolation, that tender-

ness subduing her pride, she pressed my hand, when I returned the shade to her. She saw how much I commiserated her her sufferings, and from that moment I became her dearest friend!......All this passed in an instant. Eusebius entirely absorbed in his affections, saw nothing of it, and after an interruption of some minutes, thus resumed his narrative.

"I had such necessity for alienation, that I made another journey, and came to London, where I imbibed recollections and impressions, which were destined never more to quit me!....I returned for the marriage of my sister, and soon afterwards my parents regulated my own. This match was suitable in every respect; the choice was indifferent to me, provided the lady to whom I was to be united was virtuous and well educated. I had renounced happiness, but was determined to render the companion of my wretched fate, as happy as I could and I have done my duty. Avoiding the

Duchess with care, because I might have frequently met her at my sister's; I gave myself up to serious occupations, and those domestic affections, the placidity of which always succeeds in tranquillizing the most violent agitations of the soul. I became every day more calm and rational, but the fatal journey to Velmas, deprived me of tranquillity for ever. My sister had long pressed me to visit her there; at length, my wife united her intreaties to the same effect; and I conceded. There I again saw the Duchess, which renewed those sentiments I had previously so much trouble in suppressing!...... However, I never permitted my eyes to rest upon her, and yet I saw her every where without looking at her! I did not join in conversation with her; I stayed as little in the drawing room as decorum would permit; and although we had no communication with each other, the most habitual intercourse could never give rise to such susceptibility, as that instinct by which I recognized the

sound of her steps, or rustling train. It has often happened, that when playing chess at the further end of the room in which she was, and with my back to her, I could distinguish if a lady rose and walked, whether or not it was the Duchess: I was never mistaken. Such was the nature of passion though I had as yet known her but imperfectly! A singular chance, in exalting all my sentiments towards her, establish.d them for ever in my soul.

"One evening, when every one had retired early, I went to indulge my griefs in the park, I wandered in a long avenue for about a quarter of an hour, when I heard some one walking in the adjacent passage, from which I was only separated by a lofty hedge: it was Edelie and the Duchess!....I ought to have departed! An invincible charm, or rather, an inexcusable weakness detained me! They seated themselves on a bench placed on the side next to me; I was perfectly sure that in listening to them I should

not pry into secrets that they would have the least interest in concealing; remaining close to the hedge that separated us, I heard a conversation which has remained indelibly impressed on my heart and memory.

"Yes, said the Duchess, I know that you allow it to be supposed I am not happy, which is both erroneous and unjust. No doubt, replied Edelie, with your virtue and resignation, you cannot be completely unhappy, but.......I have no need of *resignation*, interrupted the Duchess, I am perfectly satisfied with my lot.... It is what the world will not be convinced of, in seeing you deprived of all the pleasures of your age....—True, but then I enjoy all those of domestic life, which are found at every moment, and which are perpetual. I well knew that on marrying a man of fifty, the parties and dissipations of general society would not be proper for his years, and therefore declared to him that I would renounce them for ever; at first

he opposed this resolution, and only approved of it when convinced that it was perfectly agreeable to me.——His disposition is known to be hasty, and often even violent....—Far from being so with me, his kindnesses and wish to please me never ceases; no man has ever shewn more amiable and delicate attentions to his wife......What, the Duke de Palmis! said Edelie, laughing; Ah! for heaven's sake! repeat a few instances; they must indeed be curious! ...Well then, replied the Duchess, as a specimen, latterly, on my birth-day, he entered my apartment in the morning with three beautiful little orphans, all three sisters and of whom the eldest was only eight years old: each of them held in one hand a nosegay, and in the other a small basket full of those things with which I usually occupy myself, such as bobbins of gold thread, silk, and patterns of new needle-work, having disposed these offerings at my feet, the Duke said, now that you have received their presents, you

should give them yours, he then gave me three apples of sugar, containing comfits, and as many bank notes forming a sum of nine hundred francs. This, added my husband, will be their first year's pension, for the poor little creatures are totally destitute. Mention another who shows such attentions?......Ah! replied Edelie, *such attentions* are more creditable to you than to him!....I acknowledge, however, that there is, in acts of that nature, a delicacy, a grace, which few men would display. How have you managed thus to soften his disposition?.... —By loving and obeying him.——Affection, however, *is not to be commanded.* ——Ah! my dear Edelie, do not repeat that vulgar phrase, so unworthy of a mind like your's. We love, when it is a duity, because we attach ourselves always through cares and attentions; a mother does not really love her children, if not constantly occupied with them; while a child always loves its parents if properly attended to by them....—I know that

we are attached by benefits..——That is not precisely what I meant to say; because it is very possible to be liberal and give a great deal without loving; but constant and assiduous attentions, an habitual desire to contribute to the happiness of an object that we ought to love, necessarily create a strong attachment, It is so gratifying to perceive that we are not only useful at all times, but that we cannot be replaced! How delightful in a virtuous and feeling mind daily to increase that treasure of gratitude, which can repay with interest every sacrifice! And what communion can be more interesting, than one with the being whom we render happy, whose whole confidence we possess; who can but know and appreciate our value? At these words, I heard my sister embrace her incomparable friend......Just then, I fancied that I heard some one walking behind me, and therefore precipitately retired. After this I was in a situation that it is impossible to describe; I had

just penetrated into the inmost recesses of that angelic mind; so that my love for her was almost converted into adoration; while all my principles combined to condemn this sentiment, reason, and reflexion could only tend to strengthen it!——Lost and detracted, I hurried to your chamber, my dear Julien; you must surely remember that evening, I did not then confide a secret that I ought to conceal; but, you saw my agitation and agony, and by what ensued, you could but too well imagine the cause of it! .....And as you know, I departed the next morning......The following winter, I avoided her with more care than ever; I could not even see her livery in the streets, without feeling an indescribable emotion! how often, on meeting you, Madame, and seeing your carriage at a distance have you made my heart palpitate! As I frequently mistook you for her......

"I saw the Duke de Palmis again in society and it was always with the utmost

veneration. She loved him alone; but it was not the love that he inspired, it was the sublime attachment, of which he was the object, that rendered him in my sight, the most interesting and respectable of mankind. As for the Duchess, I saw her only at the quadrille party, where she replaced Madame de Melcour, who was to have been my partner. Oh! how adorned she seemed!... When, during the dance, she placed her hand on mine, it was not delirium that I experienced: her innocence and mild serenity calmed all the tumultuous passions of my soul, for I had never known the agitation of love, but when distant from her angelic looks: while near her, respect and admiration have ever concentrated, and I may add, suspended all other sentiments, she has inspired! During the whole time this dance continued, I never approached her without trembling, and to touch her hand or dress, appeared a profanation!..

"Although I renewed my absence

from her, it was totally impossible to cure myself of a passion, founded on a knowledge of a character, principles and conduct, which I heard constantly cited as the most accomplished model of human perfection. My duty prescribed every effort to forget her, whilst the very enthusiasm of virtue naturally brought her to my thoughts !....... Now that, like myself, she is also free, if I had a throne to offer her, I would go and lay it at her feet; but, in the situation which I find myself, I ought to be silent. I beg of you, Madame, to recollect that you have torn from me my deepest secret, and perhaps in order to preserve her confidence and friendship, it may be necessary never to disclose it to herself; for, if such an avowal does not complete my happiness, it will render me the most unfortunate of men. Thus then, my dear Madam, that the kind interest with which you honor me, may not misguide you, do nothing rashly; and if new conferences should not inspire new hopes, be for ever silent on the subject !.....

In this manner did Eusebius terminate his recital, during which his unhappy confidant suffered inexpressible torments. She had, in fact, an attachment for him alone, while the affecting eulogies he had given to her rival, were so many daggers to her heart!....In effect, what a dreadful lesson for one so haughty and susceptible; and who had, above all, flattered herself with the idea of being loved!.. With charms still more brilliant than the Duchess, wit and talents more shining, she might have well said, that had she not deviated from the paths of virtue and lost her reputation, there would then have been a chance of her obtaining the preference! She had always regretted the loss of virtue; but, at that moment, her regrets were increased to despair!...... Collecting, however, all her strength, Madame de Palmis assured Eusebius in the most affectionate terms, that she would act in this mysterious negociation, with all the prudence he could possibly wish; adding, in a tender accent, that he

should, at some future time, acknowledge she was worthy of all his confidence. The Viscount thanked her with the utmost cordiality, and departed in a full persuasion, that he had committed himself so as to insure the misery of all his future life. When we had reached the middle of the antichamber, Madame de Palmis called me back; returning, I found her at the drawing-room door, when she whispered, with trepidation: Whatever may be your ideas on this interview, promise me inviolable secrecy on the subject.———I give you my word of honor to obey the injunction, said I.—Enough: return to-morrow morning alone. At these words she left me, and I rejoined Eusebius who was already on the staircase; I told him that the Marchioness had merely requested me to bring my last cameo drawings, which she had not yet seen on the following morning.

CHAP. IX.

Julien is made the confidant of Madame de Palmis.—Attachment of Tiburtius to Casilda.—Benevolent Action.—Instance of Gratitude.—Julien's departure for Paris.

On returning the next day to Madame de Palmis, I fully expected a confidential communication, and was not disappointed. She spoke to me without disguise, and opened her whole soul, by which I saw all that love, wounded pride, jealousy, and superfluous regrets could create of sorrow, suffering and torment! She affected me exceedingly, especially in speaking of Eusebius; she repeated in a piercing tone — *And well he knows how to love!*. . She added, in shedding a torrent of tears, but a pure and irreproachable virtue could have alone attached him thus, and inspired such delicacy of sentiment; his love is full of en-

thusiasm, and can never be extinguished; for the sublime friendship which must in time replace it, will preserve all its energy and charms!....

I remained two hours, listening to the Marchioness. She assured me that she would use all her influence with the Duchess, in favour of Eusebius: there was certainly a considerable degree of generosity in her character: she made me promise to visit her frequently, either in London, or at the country house, where I engaged to attend whenever she required it. I also renewed my promise to keep her secret inviolably, I then left the Marchioness, full of pity for her fate; which, in spite of many estimable qualities, imprudence, an ill-directed vanity, and the ardor of her imagination, had rendered her so unhappy!

I now wished to establish myself in London, with my sister, and the good Nun who was to live with her, under the superintendance of Madame de Volnis; I

intended to remain a month or six weeks in London, and then return to France.—Mr. Smith detained me some days longer, saying that he wished to celebrate Casilda's birth-day at his own house. Three days before that, Madame de Palmis sent for me; I thought it might be on the subject of Eusebius, but it was to inform me that Tiburtius had confided to her the fact of his having met Casilda at the house of the Duchess, where he had, for the first time, conversed half an hour with her; that he was *quite in love*; and therefore wished to *make an end of it*; he had in fact determined to marry her. You may well suppose, continued the Marchioness, that this project met with my entire approbation; he has commissioned me to inform you of his resolution, for the purpose of avoiding *your generous and tiresome objections*; these were his expressions. I replied to Madame de Palmis as I ought, joyfully declaring my gratitude for her kindness, and that of Tiburtius. You will all be

happy, said she, and that will be a consolation to me!...... I now began to speak of Lord Charles, but she interrupted me by saying, that she had dismissed him the day after her long interview with Eusebius. I was next informed that she had already had a conference with the Duchess, in whose heart there was so much esteem and admiration for Eusebius, that she did not doubt being able to obtain her consent to marry him, when more fully acquainted with his sentiments. I hastened to carry this happy intelligence to the Viscount; he pressed me in his arms with transport, and in order to recompense me, spoke of Edelie, and the happiness we should all enjoy, for I had informed him of the project of Tiburtius. I went to the latter, next day, to express what I so deeply felt; I also advanced one more objection: I represented that he would have the annoyance of a mother-in-law, who was rather *cocknified* in her style and manners. Well, he replied, we shall give her handsome gowns, and a *cachemire shawl*;

she will then cut as good a figure as many others, while our respect and affection will give her all the esteem which a mother can desire! We embraced each other with the liveliest affection, and the word was mutually given, on condition that the marriage should not take place until my return from France, and that, till then, Casilda should remain entirely ignorant of the above decision.

The birth-day of Casilda happening so immediately after this interview, Mr. Smith came to see me early in the morning, bringing with him a small case, saying that it contained a present from himself and his wife, for the *sweet girl.*— Amongst many other things, there was a pocket-book in the case, which he requested I would open. In this I found Bank Notes to the amount of 200,000 francs. I was struck dumb with astonishment at this unlooked for circumstance. When somewhat recovered from my first surprise, I expressed my gratitude to him, and added, that if he gave that as a por-

tion to establish Casilda in England, I intreated he would receive it back, because my sister was not to marry an Englishman, as her nuptials with a French emigrant were decided on. At these words Mr. Smith involuntarily exclaimed, *so much the better*, if it be for her advantage. I then confided the whole affair to him, and saw that the worthy man was delighted to think she, whom he had portioned, would become a *Duchess*. I then requested his secrecy respecting this marriage, as well as his own liberality, until the signature of the settlements, in order to leave Tiburtius all the merit of his generosity to the last; in which he promised most faithfully. He then shook my hand most cordially, and left me, with an injunction not to be later than five o'clock, when he fixed the dinner, in honour of Casilda. I delivered the small case to my sister, without mentioning the bank notes to her, which I kept carefully, and took to a banker, a few days afterwards, with a deed of gift,

which secured the property to my sister.

I went with Casilda to Mr. Smith's, at the appointed hour, where I found Tiburtius, whom Mr. Smith had also the precaution to invite, and whom he did not omit placing next to her at table, making many significant signs to me, laughing heartily. The party was delightful; Casilda did not fail to excite great notice by her beauty and address; every one was in fact charmed with her graces and modesty. This day completed the passion of Tiburtius. I remarked that Casilda was also rather absent and thoughtful; nay, she blushed whenever he spoke to, or approached her.

I departed for London the next day, with my sister, to the great dissatisfaction of Madame d'Inglar, and even of Mademoiselle de Versec, who considered me equally ungrateful and fantastic, in carrying off my sister from them, to involve her *in the uproar* of a large city, where

she would not, as Mademoiselle de Versec added, fail to get into a thousand scrapes before the end of three months.

My establishment in London, at the house of Madame de Volnis, was equally pleasing to the latter and my sister. Madame de Volnis informed me that a French female emigrant, of great talent, whom she did not know, had applied to her to obtain a place as governess, in the family of some English lady of quality. Madame de Volnis had found one, the Duchess of * * *. Highly pleased with the accomplishments of Madame de Nelmont, (the emigrant's name) she had consented to take her on very liberal terms, when having enquired concerning the lady's character, the information she received, whether true or false, induced her to withdraw her offer immediately. Madame de Volnis added, that the unfortunate woman had, in consequence, written a lamentable note to her, in which she begged some assistance; she therefore requested me to take the answer, and de-

liver it myself, when I might inform Madame de Nelmont, that the writer could obtain a free passage to America for her, and also place her in a capital situation when there. I undertook this commission, adding something to the sum Madame de Volnis had given me; and receiving her address, immediately proceeded to fulfil it. Having reached the street, I entered a small house, where every thing denoted misery: I enquired for Madame de Nelmont, and was shewn into a narrow passage; a door being pointed out to me, I advanced; on knocking, a maid servant opened it;—her frightened aspect alarmed me the more, as I heard groans, and saw, by the dim glare of a-rush light, that there was a wretched bed in the room, of which the curtains were closed!...... The servant whispered to me in bad French, *she is dying!* I approached the bed—a plaintive voice asked who was there? I replied, a friend. He comes too late, the sick person answered, for I have taken a

deadly poison !...... I shuddered at this dreadful information, and instantly told the maid to seek a physician ; she went directly, leaving me alone with the unfortunate sufferer, who, drawing the curtain aside, shewed me a hideous countenance, in which death and despair were depicted. This frightful visage having fixed its glaring eyes on me, I examined it attentively and recognized, with horror, the Baroness de Blimont, who, grown old, and falling into poverty, had changed her name, in the hope of escaping the infamy of her reputation.... I became stupefied ! Pride rekindling life, then at the moment of extinction, she wished to boast *of her courage*, and the shocking act just perpetrated ; but I interrupted her, by saying all that religion and humanity could inspire in such a situation. She heard me with rage, and then attacked by still more acute pain, fell into horrible convulsions. I was in the utmost embarrassment ; I called in vain for assistance ; at last the servant returned with a surgeon, who

would have felt her pulse, but she withdrew her arm in a kind of fury, uttering terrific shrieks: a few minutes afterwards she expired in that state. A death well worthy of a life passed in vice and impiety!— .... I distributed the money I brought for her relief between the servant and surgeon, directing them to cause the wretched woman to be buried. I then hastened to quit the horrible scene, anxious to recount what I had seen to Madame de Volnis.

I mixed much in society during the remainder of my stay; for the friendship of Eusebius, Madame de Palmis and Tiburtius, had procured me an extensive acquaintance. At the houses of several English merchants, I met French emigrants, who, although never introduced at the Court of France, yet pretended they had been *of the Queen's private parties;* miserable rhymers, who assumed the character of excellent poets; others again, who only spoke of the imaginary wealth which they had possessed—whilst the real nobility were stripped of their

titles and fortunes, and upstarts had raised themselves on their ruin. Deceit and vanity had also elevated in foreign countries, a crowd of *honorary upstarts*, Marquisses without Marquisates, courtiers who had never left their native villages, and monied men without property. It was very dangerous to contradict those stories, as it could not be done without an exposure to implacable enmity. I add, with pleasure, that I have met, in still greater numbers, French emigrants who were an honour to their country, and who ennobled adversity by their resignation; and the advantages they found means to derive either from employed industry, or the exercise of those talents which had, in happier days, only contributed to their amusement, and the pleasure of society.

After having remained in England much longer than I intended on my arrival, I departed, at last, to rejoin my mother; proposing to stay six weeks or two months at Paris, and then return with her, to reside in London, where I hoped that Edelie would also soon reach us.

CHAP. X.

Julien arrives at Paris.—Portraits of some Upstarts.—Intelligence which overwhelms Julien with grief.

On arriving in Paris, I had the satisfaction to find my mother in perfect health, and my friend Durand still more rich than when I left him: I delivered to him from Madame de Volnis, the sum he had lent to her when she emigrated from France, imagining she would never have been able to return it, she also sent a case full of flowers made by herself, as a present to Madame Durand: both were delighted in hearing of their friend's success in her new business, all that I related of her conduct completed the esteem and attachment they felt for her. Durand received me with his accustomed cordiality, and when I congratulated him on the constant success of his pecu-

niary speculations, he said, Friend, it is because I have always been prudent, a virtue which honesty should prescribe to all mercantile men; for, in placing a whole fortune at stake, we run the risk of overturning those of many others. It is true that, with too much prudence in money concerns, it is not easy to become excessively rich; but, with talents and reputation, a considerable fortune may be acquired, while it is obtained without anxiety or a chance of great reverses.

Immoderate ambition to become wealthy almost invariably produces the very reverse of that which stimulates to glory: immense fortunes, of which some instances are seen, generally result from just calculations and lucky occasions seized with ability, whereas they are the fruits of rash or hazardous enterprizes. In short, among those who are called *monied men*, if there be any fault, it is not so much on the score of integrity as moderation and reflexion. This language

well became a man who had always conducted his business with no less judgment than honesty. I next related all that had happened during my absence, but, when I spoke to him of Edelie, he listened to and replied to me with a freezing coldness; I was deeply wounded by this; and his manner was so marked, that in spite of the great esteem I had for him, it was impossible for me not to suppose but he felt some jealousy at my forming such a noble connexion, although he expressed the most sincere joy at the marriage of my sister.

I saw all my old friends; Le Dru had succeeded remarkably well, I found him in a brilliant situation, with an address and manners much less vulgar than formerly; his wife had somewhat polished him, but he had retained all his good nature; being neither presumptious nor impertinent, which, in the minds of all reasonable persons, gave him a great advantage over many other upstarts.—Thus, every one esteemed him, which

was not the case with Boutet, who only recollected his extraction and former conditions in order to pride himself on the success of his career; as if it was wonderful that a plebeian born in the lowest rank should obtain a good place at a time when the nobility were despoiled or excluded. Boutet, full of pride and self sufficiency, mistook rudeness for dignity; the words *respect or honor*, never entered into the forms of his correspondence, even to aged persons or females; for those expressions, so customary among well-bred persons, he substituted the phrases *advantage, civility*; he reckoned his steps in accompanying his visitors to the door, scarcely bending when saluting, and always speaking in a loud tone, he thought himself possessed of the manners of a nobleman and absolutely perfect in high breeding.

I saw with much more pleasure the son of my mother's friend, Captain Thibaut, who had served in our armies with the greatest distinction; his air and

figure, reminded me of the observation of La Rochefoucault, *although a clownish air is seldom lost at court, it is always so in the army.*

I found my friend Florbel melancholy and less agreeable; his connexion with a wife who was ignorant of the manners of society, without education, and deficient in good sense, had soured his temper. This woman naturally hated all interesting and lively conversation, because she could not take any part in it, gossiping and scandal occupied all her time; she had disgusted the whole of Florbel's friends by her inspidity, coldness, extreme readiness to take offence; the faults of most women who are destitute of sense and education: she was one of those ridiculously vain personages who count visit for visit, and bargain for a bow, of those who are ever on *the alert!* always on thorns about the mode in which they are treated, without knowing positively *how they ought to be treated*; so that she was continually vexing

herself for imaginary slights and ideal impertinences. Madame Florbel, complained eternally of this to her husband, who, at first, gave no attention to it; but, by degrees, he became accustomed to such conversations, for no others could be held with her; they soon appeared less insipid to him, because she united with them all she could collect against the friends he valued, or that was said of himself or his poetry. Persons capable of making such reports, never fail to embitter, and often even invent them to furnish a subject of conversation. Florbel irritated, dissatisfied and worried by domestic quarrels, lost much of those graces which he displayed in society; he was shunned, even his productions savoured of his calamity. Deprived of agreeable company and the useful advice which a literary man always finds in communicating his ideas to friends, he wrote with less pleasure and emulation: indolent habits soon followed. Such is the influence of a shallow and litigious

wife, on the fate of a man of talent, who has not strength of mind and sufficient resolution not to sacrifice his happiness to her caprice and folly.

How very important then is the choice of a wife! for, she who lives on good terms with her husband always deprives him of some good qualities, if she does not communicate new ones to him; or at least if she does not mature those which he has received from nature and education. In so constant an intercourse their minds must necessarily be either purified and elevated, or abased. Madame Florbel, to whom I was introduced by her husband, received me with a coldness that resembles malevolence; she knew that I was his particular friend, and had therefore conceived an aversion to me before I was known to her. However, on hearing that I should stay but a short time in Paris, and that I was to return and reside in London, she became a little more civil; but I did not avail myself of this condescension, as I

only made her two or three visits; particularly as Florbel came almost every evening to see me at Durand's.

I had been about ten or twelve days at Paris, when Durand entered my room one morning with a solemn air which alarmed me. He took a seat and said that he had been desirous to give me time to execute the commissions of my friends and visit my old acquaintances, before he announced intelligence which must affect me. On hearing this I trembled and grew pale, Madame de Velmas, he continued, is in perfect health; she has happily concluded her journey, but she is lost to you for ever; you will never see her more!......Just heavens! I exclaimed, is it possible!....The Viscount d'Inglar, he added, has received, or will receive in duplicate, a packet exactly similar to that which has been sent to me, to deliver to you, in the event of your being at Paris. The letters inclosed under the outside cover were not sealed, and I had permission to read

them ; thus I know their contents, which are very affecting!......I shall *never see her more*, I repeated, melting into tears......what has become of her?...— She is in Spain.—In Spain?....—Yes, in a convent, and for life....——Ah! I ought to have expected it, and yet that cruel idea never once occurred to me......I thought myself beloved!..— Never was love more violent than her's. And still she abandons me! renounces me! has determined to make my life miserable!....Where then are these letters which are to break my heart?..At these words Durand took from his pocket a large packet, telling me that I ought to begin by reading the letter of the Abbé Desforges, which was addressed to myself; as my tears blinded me, I intreated him to read it for me, when he obeyed, it was as follows:

" My dear Julien, if you truly love the angelic person whom Heaven placed under my care during a long and dangerous pilgrimage, your tears, no doubt,

will flow, but without bitterness.......
She is happy ; do not imagine her mournfully immured in a cloister, groaning behind its grates ; in the midst of the pious sisters who surround her, she sees only her God, she hears only his voice. I shall, in a few words, relate the particulars which caused the sudden revolution that has taken place in her mind and mode of thinking.

" She sustained the fatigues of our painful journey, with all the courage that the most ardent exaltation of faith and piety could give ; but adhering to the resolutions she had formed on quitting France, and speaking to me continually of you and your future union. Arrived at Jerusalem, and after having fulfilled our obligations at the sepulchre, she continued in the same determination ; previous to leaving the holy land, she was desirous of visiting the valley of Jehosaphat, in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem, and I attended her in that act of devotion, as I had in all the preceding ones.

You know that, from a passage in the prophet Hosea, many interpreters of the holy scripture have believed the last judgment will be delivered in this famous valley. The above opinion, adopted from her infancy by Madame de Velmas, so operated on her vivid imagination, that, on approaching the valley, I saw her tremble and grow pale!.... When we entered it, she said, It appears to me, that I have come here to meditate and reflect for the first time in my life!......

" Taking advantage of so favourable a moment, I requested of her to write down her thoughts on the spot, which she promised to do. Wishing to avoid any interruption, she left me, and went about a hundred paces from me, to the foot of a palm tree, where she sat down. I placed myself so as not to lose sight of her, yet, so that she could not see me. At first, she remained for some minutes in contemplation, her face towards heaven, and then began to write; I saw her kneel twice; at length, she prostrated

herself, and remained so long in that attitude, that I grew uneasy; I went up and raised her: though bathed in tears, her countenance was more radiant than I had ever seen it; I asked for the book to see what she had written: Although I shall add nothing to it, said she, you must excuse me from giving it up before eight days have passed. From that moment I remarked in her a more expanded devotion, more eloquence, and at the same time a calm serenity of character, which I had never before perceived. At the end of the eight days, she delivered me the book that she had already destined for you, saying, I have had time enough to reflect on it, and I am more than ever devoted to God. She then declared that she would go to Spain, and there consecrate herself to heaven. I was commanded to send you the accompanying book. Read those affecting sentiments of a devout soul, so susceptible, and worthy of elevating itself to its Creator. She has already received the sacred

veil from my hands, and I shall not return to you till after she has professed. Farewell, my son, meditate, pray, and submit."

When Durand had concluded, he looked at me, evidently shocked at my paleness and depression. My feelings at this moment can neither be conceived or described; I could no longer weep! Durand spoke to me in vain, I was incapable of making a reply, and felt myself fainting!.... He called for assistance; I knew not what befel me during an hour, at the end of which time I found myself on my bed, while a physician and Durand, stood beside it: this sight affected me so much, that tears began to flow, a circumstance that seemed to give great satisfaction to the physician. I rose, but could scarcely stand; I then requested Edelie's letter from Durand; he answered, that he had determined to retain it for two or three days, I did not, therefore, press the request. Having lost all hope, I felt more alarm than de

sire to read it, certain as I was of the cruel distress it would necessarily occasion. I remained all day at home. As soon as this species of nervous attack was over, Durand, who had some urgent business to transact, left me, went out, and did not return until late at night, which added not a little to my anguish! In violent grief we cannot conceive how a friend can have any other thought than that of consoling us; in such a case, the most idle and unoccupied always appears the most faithful and tender.

I sent for Le Dru; of all confidants he was the least capable of comprehending the nature of *romantic love;* but he had an excellent heart, which taught him to suffer and weep with his afflicted fellow-creatures; he had saved Edelie's life, and the idea of an eternal seclusion in a cloister naturally shocked him; he commiserated my situation with great sincerity, and in reality afforded considerable consolation.

Durand, at length, gave me the jour-

nal of Edelie, written in the valley of Jehosaphat! . . . . . . I received it trembling, and shut myself up alone in my chamber to read it; there I placed it on a table, regarding with a violent palpitation of heart what was to me at least a sacred book, sent from the hands of an angel, and which appeared to have originated in heaven! . . . . . . When sufficiently master of myself to touch and read it, let the reader, if possible, conceive what I experienced in perusing what follows:

My thoughts in the valley of Jehosaphat.

Jehosaphat! what solemn and terrible ideas does not this awful name renew in the imagination! . . . . . . Here are annihilated all terrestrial joys, while the fondest recollections are no more than subjects of fear to the intimidated conscience! . . . . Here extinguished vanity, mute and unveiled, no longer knows herself, she has lost all her sophistry!—Pride, despoiled of her trappings, blushes at her frivolity and arrogance; here,

commences her first chastisement; in this hallowed spot, she sees herself in her true colours, at once trifling and monstrous, insensate, contemptible, and without a palliative!....Oh! deluding voice of flattery! deceitful language, to which I have too often listened, you now no longer recur to recollection, but to appal and confound me!....Majestic truth! divine radiance which now surrounds me, what is it that ye reveal?.... I think I hear the echos of this valley repeat the irrevocable doom that will be one day or other pronounced on my most secret thoughts and actions!....Like the light and transient smoke which proceeds from a fire of straw, how many false virtues vanish from our view in this retirement, where the scythe of time shall be broken, and eternity begin its immeasurable course! How many misled hearts will then lose that culpable security which has stifled their remorse! Alas! the greatest faults, and even crimes which, on earth, may have been

followed by repentance, will no doubt find more mercy at the foot of the supreme tribunal, than the weaknesses with which we have never reproached ourselves! Oh! how I dread to examine my life!....Yet, I have performed some good actions; I have pitied and succoured the unfortunate; but, have I had that rigorous economy which charity requires? certainly not! To lavish and throw away money on vain or frivolous objects; is to disappoint the poor, to to whom it should belong? Have I always trembled and shed tears on hearing these dismal words—*My children are in want of bread!* How often have I not heard them without emotion?...... Wretched objects! Oh! my brethren, who, in that state, have not awakened my pity, you will all be here at the great day of judgment, to bear witness against and reproach me for my stoical and worldly barbarity!....Yet, I supposed myself feeling and compassionate! At least my life has passed innocently?—

Yes, in the estimation of the world, and according to its ideas of propriety; but heaven, that sees into all hearts, has it not perceived in mine an adulterous passion, nay, and the most violent that ever existed? I nourished this criminal flame in secret; what do I say?—in secret!—has not the avowal of it escaped me in a thousand ways? It is true that the object of so tender a sentiment had never known its transports, nor the torments occasioned to me by jealousy, absence, and so many other sources of deadly disquietude!....But I could not entirely conceal this culpable love; I have cherished it, while it has occupied my heart and imagination.....Of what virtue, of what merit can I then boast?....As a wife, I have fulfilled my duty during the Revolution, and at the peril of my life; I wished to fly, but my ill-fated husband refused to leave Paris, I remained to partake of his dangers.....Heavens! what a dreadful reflection comes suddenly to terrify me!....If I had loved him, if

from the first instant of our union, I had constantly discharged all the duties of affection that a tie so holy, oaths so sacred, should impose, I should have acquired that ascendancy over him, which sincere love, united with virtue, ever gives. He was susceptible and good natured; his attachment would have in time requitedmine; I should have purified his mind and manners, and, at the sanguinary period when I trembled for his life, I should have been able to prevail on him to quit France; and he might have lived!....Thus I am criminated by his death!......Overwhelming thought, that must torment me to my last breath!......And this death, which I could have prevented, this odious and culpable widowhood, would justify the sentiments that destroyed those of a virtuous and faithful wife? It is on his death that I would found the happiness of my future days?....Detestable illusion! happiness for me, in this world, can only be in repentance and expiation!

Oh! thou who appearest to me in this formidable scene, where every crime is revealed! angry shade of my unhappy husband, oh! pardon me!....The dangerous years of my youth are not yet past; there still remains to me a futurity, and I consecrate it to thy memory! God of repentant hearts, eternal source of mercy and of love, it will not be in vain that thou hast deigned to illumine my understanding with thy celestial light! To see one's-self without illusion, to know ourselves, is self-condemnation; I have been judging myself, and thou hast absolved me!....I devote my existence to thee, that is, by diverting it, to its true aim, and placing it in heaven before its time!....Resigned to the happiness of adoring the supreme perfection, I make no sacrifices; I cede to an irresistible impulse with transport, nor am I detached from those whom I value; for them I shall ever pray with hope; and can this momentary absence afflict my heart, this burning heart which starts

into eternity with the certainty of finding all that it loves there ?....Behold me then safe from tempests and shipwreck ; vain pleasures, the deceitful joys and real pains of life ! My soul will have no longer any but a sublime ambition, that of purifying, of expanding itself, and amassing that treasure of virtue, the sole possession which, on leaving this exile, we can carry with us into eternity ! Happy privilege of a clear conscience ! I can now meditate without fears, and breathe freely ! Oh ! my worthy father, you will then be restored to me ! and your daughter will not be a disgrace to you there ! How this valley seems embellished ! How pure and brilliant the light which illumines it appears ! Yes ! above the firmament, and beyond the vault of heaven, the throne of the Deity is suspended on that august arch ; through the transparent ether I see the rays of glory that environ it ! My feeble vision cannot support the supernatural blaze, I prostrate myself before the throne of heavenly grace !

CHAP. XI.

Departure of Julien for Germany.—Respect shewn by the Enemy, to the valour of the French Army.

It was impossible to preserve the slightest hope, after having read the foregoing reflections, and to me, this was to renounce all happiness. What affection could replace such a passion in my mind, imbibed in infancy, fortified by so many events, such recollections; by esteem, and admiration, my attachment to Eusebius, and even by this last act which rendered me the most miserable of mankind!......I could have experienced a less accute melancholy in reading this affecting journal with Eusebius and in confering with him! as to Durand he saw nothing in it but an extravagant enthusiasm. Le Dru did not even know what *enthusiasm* meant; he pitted my

fate sincerely, but he wearied me with his ridiculous condolence, and unsolicited advice. He continually teized me to write to Edelie, for the purpose of telling her that *the monastic rule is contrary to the law of nature, that it is much better to give citizens to the state, than to be shut up in a cloister, &c;* convinced that she could not resist such luminous and forcible arguments, when they should be, as he said, *ornamented* in my style.

This fatal conclusion gave me an extreme indifference for every thing that might happen; I foresaw nothing but a tame and insipid futurity; I had no longer any emulation, ambition, or activity; the arts, for which I had entertained so great an attachment, could only aggravate my sufferings: if I attempted to draw, it reminded me of our emblem, and all the cameos I had made for her; music wounded my very soul! we had so often played it together! She had been so much pleased with

my singing and playing on the guitar! Serious studies could alone have diverted me from my grief, but I had fallen into a state of inanimate apathy.

Eusebius who, on his part, had received a copy of Edelie's Journal from the Abbé Desforges, wrote to me at length; his affectionate letter made me shed tears, which tended somewhat to relieve my oppressed spirit. There had been in the Abbé's packet three letters also from Edelie; one to her mother to implore her blessing, and the two others, for Eusebius and Casilda. In those letters she commended me to their warmest friendship, and in the most affecting terms she requested her brother to allow Casilda a small pension for life, from the money she had remitted to London, and to present her, with a very fine diamond which she described, among the jewels confided to the care of the Duchess de Palmis, also the book of cameos. To me she gave an opal which she had al-

ways worn ; she specified some other gifts ; a brilliant ring to her mother, an emerald cross for the Duchess, and several trinkets for Mademoiselle de Versec. How calculated such a will was to renew my tears !...... Twelve days afterwards, I received another letter from Eusebius, who informed me that the Duchess de Palmis was at length aware of his sentiments, of which till then, she had never had the least suspicion. — At first she had only evinced the greatest astonishment ; but she was subsequently much affected, on hearing the particulars of his story ; from that moment, Eusebius remarked more kindness and timidity in her looks, while she caressed his little Octavia more than ever. ...... Yet she did not explain herself, but I saw clearly that Eusebius would be happy ; he truly merited it, and I loved him too well to envy him. Throughout all this affair, the Marchioness de Palmis acted an admirable part, of which, I alone knew

the generosity. I also received two letters from Tiburtius, who was still more in love with my sister, than when I left London, and who intreated me to hasten my return; but, the Viscount's business detained me nearly three months in Paris. At the moment I was about to depart, another letter from Eusebius obliged me, before I could return to England, to make a journey to Germany. He had received intelligence that gave him hopes of recovering the thirty thousand francs, of which he was robbed at Hamburgh. I left my mother at Paris, with a promise to return without loss of time, and then proceeded alone to Altenkirchen. While in that town, I witnessed a scene worthy of ancient chivalry. The brave general Marceau, at the age of twenty seven, had been mortally wounded and brought to Altenkirchen. General Jourdan, obliged to retreat along the Rhine, left all necessary assistance with this officer and wrote to the enemy's

Generals to recommend him to their generous care. General Kray, a respectable veteran of the austrian army, immediately called to visit him; and a few hours afterwards, the Archduke Charles, a prince so justly renowned for his virtues and warlike exploits, went in person, taking his own surgeon to him. All the aid of medicine was however in vain, and the wounded general died. The french officers, who had remained with him, requested of the Archduke, that his mortal remains might be consigned to his brother's in arms; that prince not only consented to it, but also ordered the coffin to be escorted by a numerous detachment of austrian cavalry; and on the day of interment, the austrian army drew out at the same time with that of France, from which it was separated by the Rhine: the two banks resounded with an equal number of discharges of artillery; a generous truce, suspending hostilities, united enemies during this mournful ceremony, to render the same testimony to military

talents and intrepid courage; Without this chivalrous courtesy, military glory would always be imperfect: barbarous hordes, without arts, laws, or restraint, have often shewn an intrepidity in battle that nothing conld surpass: civilized nations cannot, in war, truly elevate themselves above savages, excepting by generosity. It may be said with perfect truth that, even in the most lamentable times, of the revolution, the national character, so faithful, sincere and generous, was always found in our armies. When humanity was banished from Paris, she found an asylum in the camp, where *french honor* was preserved. At every period admirable actions of our warriors might be quoted of every kind.*

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* Among others, I am induced to relate the following fact; the catholic Bishopric of Eichstadt, in Germany, was laid under contribution by the victorious french generals; the bishop could only satisfy them and save the little town of Keffenhül, by resolving to sacrifiee the rich ornaments of the church.

Five young french soldiers, unwilling to consider such holy spoils, as glorious trophies, subscribed and paid from their own purses all the contribution. A latin inscription destined to record this generous action, has been placed by the priest Rumpfer at the top of the register of charitable donations to the parish of Keffenhül. Every year a solemn mass is celebrated in the church, in memory of that event, and of the five frenchmen whose benevolent piety has given such a noble example of respect to religion†.

However laudable the fair author's efforts to raise the character of her country may be, it is lamentable to reflect on the almost innumerable instances of an opposite nature, which might be cited to prove that neither piety nor benevolence was *always* the characterestic of the french soldiery during the late sanguinary and universally disastrous war.—Ed.

CHAP. XII.

Julien returns to Paris for his mother and conducts her to London.—Strange incident.—Consolations.—Continuation of the Viscount's Courtship.

After having terminated, to my great satisfaction, the affairs of Eusebius, I hastened back to Paris, where I remained eight days, to take leave of all my friends, and then departed, with my mother, for London; we arrived there in five days, after an absence, on my part, of four months. I knew that Eusebius, the Duchess and Marchioness de Palmis were at Brighton as sea bathing had been prescribed for the latter; but I was certain of finding Casilda, Madame de Volnis and Tiburtius. My mother was charmed to see her daughter again, who received her

with the utmost affection. At first, we could only talk of Edelie: Casilda wept bitterly, and seemed most deeply affected: we did not speak to her of the marriage, the idea of which was now my greatest consolation; but, previous to revealing the secret to my sister, I wished to see Tiburtius, and agree with him on all the arrangements relative to this important affair, lately become the most important of my life. I had scarcely settled my mother in her apartment, when I was informed that Tiburtius waited for me in mine. I went out immediately; Casilda ran after me, reached me in the passage, and with great agitation delivered me a paper intreating I would read it *instantly*: and then quitted me with precipitation. Very curious to learn the object of this mysterious billet, I stopped to examine it on the spot. Let the reader judge of my surprise and vexation on a perusal of its contents, which are as follows:

My dear Brother!

I know that you have arranged a marriage for me infinitely above all that I have any right to expect if I had been ambitious; but, I have an invincible antipathy for the person you destine for me. I am not ignorant that he is considered both handsome and amiable, yet I have the utmost dislike to him. Let me then, my dear brother, pass my life with you, without ever thinking of marrying; or, if my disinclination should displease you, send me to my dear benefactress in Spain. I would a thousand times sooner become a nun, than espouse a man who is odious to me. Have pity on me then, my beloved brother; do not think that I can alter my resolution, and above all, console your devoted and unhappy

CASILDA.

Ah! cried I with all the bitterness of grief, it is I who am unhappy! how was

it possible for her to discover this secret? I am sure it has been neither from Eusebius or Tiburtius ; I can only suspect the discretion of Madame de Volnis,.... Good heavens ! who could have expected this unaccountable caprice ! who could have foreseen the refusal of such a marriage, and this insurmountable aversion for the most engaging and amiable of men !......Without doubt she has taken a whimsical and ridiculous liking to some Englishman!......Thus I am deprived of my great consolation !.... What shall I say to Tiburtius !....I remained absorbed in these reflexions for some time, when recollecting that Tiburtius waited for me, I went to meet him in a state of dreadful agitation. He met me with open arms, supposing that my consternation resulted from that renewal of sorrow, which is always experienced in again beholding our friends after a great misfortune. He at first only spoke to me of Edelie, and of the mingled grief and admiration her journal in the valley of

Jehosaphat had caused Eusebius, the Duchess de Palmis, and even to the Marchioness. He then spoke to me, with enthusiasm, of my sister; I preserved a dead silence: he pressed me to reply, when, I gave him Casilda's letter, saying, there my dear friend, you will see that she does not merit even your regrets; let us forget this dream of happiness?.... At these words he read it hastily, and bursting into a loud laugh exclaimed, Charming creature! how fondly I should love her!......Confounded with this expression and his sprightliness, I entreated him to explain the cause of it: that is very easy, he replied; I promised, on your departure, not to say a word of love to her, and to keep our secret scrupulously: I have kept my promise; but, how was it possible to pass four months in a painful silence with an imagination inflamed by love, without doing something romantic?......——The conclusion of

your romance, at least, seems to me not very advantageous to you. It crowns all my wishes....——How? she detests you.——She adores me.——Why then this falsehood? in her who is so sincere, and candid!....——She does not deceive you: it is not I whom she hates and refuses to marry; hear the story; I have seen her two or three times each week at Madame de Volnis, who was always present, and who, agreeably to your recommendation, was a real Argus to us. In those visits I was reserved, and timid; I saw also that my ingenuousmanner greatly pleased Casilda, I was informed by Madame de Volnis that she highly praised my *modesty* and mildness. About six weeks ago being alone with Madame de Volnis and Casilda, some mercantile man who was about to depart for Paris, came to enquire if the former had any commands, on leaving the room, she took him aside to a window to speak to him; and as she turned her back to us, I seized that moment to address Casilda, in order to give

some interest to the conversation, I took it into my head to congratulate her on her intended marriage. At this speech, her cheeks assumed a deeper tint than that of the artificial rose she was making at the time. What, Sir! said she, you are doubtless in jest?....——I would not presume to joke with you on such a subject; but, as you have not been informed of it, I hope you will give me your word not to mention it to Madame de Volnis.——I promise you I shall not.——Well then, madam, your marriage is irrevocably fixed; Mr. Delmour has given his word....——And to whom, Sir?—To Lord Charles Dandelion!——Lord Charles Dandelion?——He visited Madame de Palmis merely for the purpose of meeting you; he was supposed to be in love with her, but it was you, Madame, for whom he sighed, and you will be married to him on the return of Mr. Delmour.——Never!——replied Casilda.——You astonish me greatly; Lord Charles is a nobleman of high rank...—

I entreat of you, Sir, to mention him no more to me.— –Those words, pronounced dryly, put an end to the subject, and the return of Madame de Volnis gave rise to another. Ten or twelve days afterwards Madame de Volnis took Casilda to an assembly at Mr. Smith's, where Lord Charles and myself were also invited, Casilda's beauty struck him so much, that he approached and addressed a few words to her, while she with a look that contained as much rage as her lovely soft eyes could admit, turned her back hastily on him, without saying a word. He was strangely amazed at such a reception, and came to me to say that it was a pity such a charming young lady should be so singularly uncivil. This scence gave me the idea of writing an anonymous love letter to her, in which I only disguised my hand writing, for it contained my real sentiments; I said that I had a right to express them to her; certain that this expression would convince her the letter had come from Lord Charles,

I caused it to be clandestinely conveyed to her by a poor woman whom she supported, and who delivered it with a request that she would read it in private, which she did, thinking it was a petition from her indigent dependant. When she saw the old woman again she scolded her severely, and positively forbid her ever undertaking such commissions in future. Yet, I had the cruelty to enjoy her mortification, with respect to which, I occassionally said a few words to her, aside, and always to offer her my interest with you, since her aversion, said I, was invincible. She was particularly obliged to me for my kind interference in her favour, and you have done well to come as you have, as like many other lovers in this hair brained country, I might have been induced to propose a trip to Gretna Green, so common now a days, and as the only means of rescuing her fom your despotism and the persecutions of Lord Dandelion. This recital overwhelmed me with joy: we agreed to let Casilda remain

ignorant of having put her to this proof, which might have hurt her feelings, though she had borne it in the most desirable manner; after he had agreed to all I suggested, I enquired of Tiburtius about our friends. He informed me that the inclinations of the Duchess were no longer a mystery; that she permitted them to be perceived with all the innocence of a person who was in love for the first time; that Eusebius adored her, and that it was supposed they would be united on their return from the watering place, where they intended to stay two months longer. I also enquired for Madame de Palmis; ah, replied Tiburtius

Phœdra attacked by an evil, she persists in concealing,

astonishes every one by her change—her melancholy and capricious humour. I believe she is hatching some grand plan; for instance, a brilliant conversion: it is whispered that she has the design of attaching herself to Edelie, and of immuring herself with her in a nunnery. I do not believe a word of it; she

will never imitate or do any thing like another. There is something *stupendous* and original in her ideas; she bitterly regrets her virtue; for, she has seen that the respect it obtains is by far the most flattering and sincere: her wanderings have been too long and multiplied, for her to return to it with enthusiasm; but, whilst she is waiting to acquire a taste for virtues, she possesses all the requisite ambition, and that is enough to create extraordinary events: it will not be by common means that the Marchioness is to regain this species of esteem.

Tiburtius himself abridged this conversation, by entreating me to go and tranquillize the anxieties of Casilda, who was really in an agony, whilst waiting for my answer. On seeing me, she was near fainting; but, she soon saw by the expression of my countenance, that I was not angry, and threw herself in my arms with transport. I told her that I would never force her to marry against her inclination, adding, that my conversation

with Tiburtius had given me other views towards her establishment, which I would submit to her in a few days. She blushed, and ventured a question, to which I did not reply, but returned to my chamber, where I found Tiburtius. I gave him an account of this short conference, when we went to visit Madame de Volnis, who received me with an agitation which did not escape the penetrating eye of Tiburtius: after a few minutes, he left us together, and I remained three hours with her, speaking only of Edelie. I gave her a full history of our attachment, which made her shed many tears; and from that moment I felt that her friendship would soon become my best consolation.

The next day, at two o'clock, I went to St. James's Park, where I had appointed to meet Tiburtius; who, as soon as he saw me, came up laughing, and said;—Well! my friend, *three weddings* instead of two!......—How is that?—Casilda and your humble servant; Eusebius and the Duchess; Madame de Volnis and your

honour.—How absurd ! I replied, to suppose she would accept a heart worn out with cares and grief, in such a long and ill-fated passion !......—That worn out heart will reanimate itself for her.—I can assure you, that Madame de Volnis feels only friendship for me.......This is very modest on your part ; but, after all, you know very well, she loves you ; indeed, she has just been making a plain confession of it to me, and without enjoining secrecy, which is much the same as if she had commissioned me to inform you of the circumstance. I had, for some time, a suspicion of Madame de Volni's sentiments, but I did not think she had yet come to a positive determination. This discovery, without overwhelming me with delight, affected me ; it softened the bitterness of my regrets, awakened a self-love, that always stifles sincere grief, and renders meditation less gloomy !

CHAP. XII.

Eusebius returns to London.—Grand resolution of the Marchioness de Palmis.—Marriages.

I DID not let my sister remain long in her perplexity; but immediately informed her that Tiburtius had asked her in marriage. She blushed, shed tears, and acknowledged she loved him. I then conducted Tiburtius to her, and contemplated their mutual joy and that pure happiness which their union promised. It was determined that the marriage should be deferred until the return of our friends. It may be well supposed, that my mother did not refuse her consent; she supposed it a dream, when she thought her daughter would become a *Duchess*. I went, in person, to the worthy Mr. Smith, to inform him of this event, which he expected, and heard of with great pleasure;

for he considered Tiburtius *an accomplished young man*: we agreed that his present of 200,000 francs should not be mentioned until the settlements were ready for signing. Although I now passed a great part of every day with Madame de Volnis, we never spoke of love; yet, I found her charming, nor was I ever tranquil, except when in her company: I no longer mentioned the name of Edelie, and felt that she alone, of all the world, could, if not make me forget, at least console me for having lost the object of my first affections. Two months passed in this manner; at length, letters from Brighton informed us that our friends were on the point of returning to town. Tiburtius being one evening with Madame de Volnis and myself, obliged us to explain ourselves without equivocation; he rose with gravity, took me by the hand, and desired I would no longer restrain my feelings, but throw myself at the feet of Madame de Volnis; I instantly

obeyed: Madame, he then said, in a solemn tone, I request your hand for my friend, and future brother-in-law. At these words she smiled, though I could see tears in her eyes: she held out her hand, and I pressed it to my heart: I was so disturbed, so oppressed by my recollections, and a multitude of contending sentiments, that I found it impossible to utter a word; but, Tiburtius spoke for each of us, and made us say the most impassioned as well as the silliest things. His gaiety dissipated some of the dismal ideas that this declaration of love, and the approaching nuptials, had irresistibly inspired! Recovering my speech, I ratified all the promises which Tiburtius had made in my name; yet, always on the condition, that I had already more than once declared, of not parting with my liberty until I heard with certainty, that Edelie had pronounced her vows.

At length, we had the happiness of seeing our friends return to town; the idea of being shortly able to witness the

Viscount's felicity accomplished, formed a new æra in my life; and yet this first interview was not exempt from embarrassment and distress to me! How could I weep with him for Edelie, when I had to announce to him that, though scarcely six months of mourning were passed, I had already pledged my faith to another! but, the manner in which he received this communication, restored all my tranquillity; I was to marry an old friend, whose life I had saved, and who, by her conduct and her virtues, was worthy of replacing Edelie in my heart. I acknowledge that one of the circumstances which contributed to make me desire this new connexion, was the noble birth of Madame de Volnis, and the rank she had held at the ancient Court. After having been destined to espouse the sister of the Viscount d'Inglar, the widow of the Duke de Velmas, I would have thought myself degraded in marrying a plebeian; I also found a great satisfaction in giving to Tiburtius a sister-

in-law of his own class. These ideas had great influence on the unqualified approbation which I obtained from Eusebius; he even told me that such a marriage would justify, in the eyes of the world, that which his sister had intended to make; and he had the kindness to add,—Every one will think, my dear Julien, that he who could inspire these sentiments in two women of such rare merit, is certainly not an ordinary character.

With what extasy, after this conversation, did I not participate in the happiness of Eusebius, the most perfect I had ever known on earth! he adored the Duchess, and found in her all the charms of innocence, delicacy, and sincerity.—Thus, Tiburtius called their mutual passion, *the loves of children of fifteen.*

We had announced publicly, only the marriage of Eusebius, and my sister; but did not yet speak of mine.

It was only on the day of signing the marriage contract, that Tiburtius learnt

that Casilda possessed two hundred thousand francs in ready money. The nuptials took place without any pomp; Eusebius presented all Edelie's diamonds to my sister, excepting a necklace, which he gave to Octavia. My sister and Madame de Volnis, were particularly occupied that day with the dress of my mother, who wore a beautiful lace cap, gown of very rich silk, and a superb Cachemere shawl; thus decked, she made a respectable appearance, and performed her part extremely well at the wedding. The Duchess came to it, as also the Marchioness; both were particularly kind to Casilda: I also invited Madame d'Inglar, whom I found much softened towards me; Mademoiselle de Versec, who accompanied her, shewed the utmost interest for Casilda, whom she called *her pupil*, and who redoubled her transports, in making her a handsome present. In short, this day was one of extreme happiness. Two days afterwards, I had a long conversation with the Marchioness de Palmis,

whom I had not yet seen in private: her health, impaired by her secret anguish, had been somewhat recovered by the sea bathing, but she had still an alarming paleness:—with her fine complexion, she had lost the lustre of her eyes, and that animation which, joined to the regularity of her features, and majestic figure, used to render her person so dazzling and perfect: her countenance had acquired a more affecting expression, and she then resembled a fine statue of Niobe. Well, my dear Julien, said she, what have we each not suffered in the last six months!....I have, at length, formed a resolution; having insured the happiness of him I love, by for ever uniting two virtuous hearts, I shall hereafter always contrast to the regrets of an unhappy passion, the satisfaction of having shewn a greatness of soul beyond the common course of life. Time, while it extinguishes love, embellishes the remembrance of generous actions!....I still wish to place between heaven and myself

the scene of their nuptials ; after this last expiation, I shall resume the interrupted path of my destiny, and regain the public esteem, never to lose it more.—What are your projects?—To return to France, where I am invited, and where I shall find in Languedoc an estate of thirty thousand francs a year, (which was once worth eighty thousand), there I shall go and establish myself permanently: the castle is destroyed, but a small farm house still remains, that shall be my habitation: I can easily rebuild the ruined church ; and on one side I shall found an hospital for the sick, on the other a manufactory. Thus I shall place religion between compassion and industry ; the profits of the latter shall be for the benefit of the unfortunate ; as to myself, under a roof of thatch, dressed in a russet gown, I will dedicate my attainments capacity and life to the superintendance and regulation of those establishments.—And what will become of those enchanting talents, of which you would deprive society?—I

shall bring them to perfection in consecrating them to heaven: I shall no longer paint, or embroider, but for the embellishment of my church; in future I shall only compose hymns and sacred music, and do you think that on solemn days I shall not play the organ with more energy and fire than I ever displayed on the piano forte in a concert, on that accompanying my voice with the harp in front of the altars, I shall not sing the penitential psalms with more expression and effect than a bravura or a ballad?

These plans were sincere, and I took good care not to oppose them; in reality they were put in practice, causing the happiness and glory of this woman, who was extraordinary in every thing, and whom a common fate could never have rendered happy.

The next month, I had the inexpressible joy of accompanying Eusebius to the altar, and of seeing him expouse the charming and virtuous Duchess de Palmis: never was a pair so well matched;

and never union so fortunate ; during the ceremony I supported the canopy together with the young Octavius. At the moment they pronounced the irrevocable vows, I looked at Madame de Palmis ; her eyes were elevated towards heaven, her paleness was gone ; she prayed with fervent zeal ; her soul fulfilled it's purification in the most generous invocations ; and I admired the sublime expression of her countenance. On leaving the church, she took my arm, when, I whispered to her, I have seen you pray, and am certain you will recover yourself by dint of generosity. Ah ! she replied, a moment that I had represented to myself as one of punishment, I thanked heaven for experiencing only the most tender feelings. This expression affected me excessively, she concluded by proving to me the truth of it in the course of the day, for she was calm, amiable and perfectly agreeable. Some days afterwards she departed for Paris, to the great disgust (apparently) of some emigrants who had privately made

a thousand attempts to re-enter France, but who did not the less cry out against those who were more successful. Of this number was Solmire whom I met occasionally at the Viscounts: he made himself odious by his declamations against France; but, I had the consolation to hear Eusebius, both laugh at, and reproach this sycophant, especially when he was enraged at the successes of the French Army, or rejoiced at those of Suwarrow. One day he came to us in triumph, announcing that the French had been completely beaten......Then, said Eusebius, they must be all exterminated, for I am sure they never ran away? That is what I said, replied Solmire, rubbing his hands, they are exterminated. Are you sure of it? rejoined Eusebius.—Quite certain.—In that case I shall countermand, the dinner and concert I intended to give the day after to-morrow.—And why so?—Because the proscription and injustice of a few men, will never cause me to forget that I am a Frenchmen.

—What nonsense? France is no longer France.—It is certain that she is no more since you have no longer a score of horses, a running footman, an heydue, two coach-dogs before your carriage; besides, a hunting equipage, and the famous privilege of ravaging your tenantry with your pack of hounds and whipper in....
—You never liked field sports; every one to his liking: as for me, I never piqued myself on being one of the seven sages of Greece, but I will maintain that the country in which we were born, had nothing in common, with the pretended France of those days.—Well! cannot you say like another Sentorius, *Paris is not Paris, but it is wherever I am.*——No, the fogs, damp, and smoke, prevent me from indulging that illusion.——Believe me, my dear Solmire, no opinion can dispense with the sacred duty we owe to our country; this sentiment is so noble and natural, that even in the eyes of foreigners, it renders the fugitives, to

whom they offer an asylum, still more interesting. In reality, how can that gratitude which acts of hospitality must inspire, be allied to the hatred of our native land? and how, in renouncing the soil on which heaven had given us birth, can we be sincerely attached to an adopted country?—Very well, *an exile no more belongs to his country, than a gamester to a party at play, after he has been driven from the gaming table.**—That is a very pretty comparison; but, it is a sacred and natural duty which attaches a gamester to the gaming table?....This question embarrassed Solmire a little, and whenever that was the case he never replied: he only said that nothing should induce him to return to France whilst *this horrible uproar* continued. When he was gone, Eusebius informed us that to his knowledge, Solmire had already made two useless attempts to re-enter

* *Philosophical Dictionary*, article *banishment.*

France; I am certain, continued the Viscount, that he will go and assert at twenty houses, I am turned jacobin; yet I have always held the same language, because I have never changed my sentiments: but, when during a long revolutionary convulsion a person constantly preserves all his integrity and impartiality he displeases every party, and must expect to be continually calumniated.*

* This very just observation of the enlightened author, unhappily applies to other periods as well as those of revolutions, and to judge from the frequency of political apostacy in our days, consistency has ceased to be a virtue.—Ed.

CHAP. XIII.

CONCLUSION.

The intelligence I expected from Spain could not arrive in less than three or four months; but that time flew with me like the rapidity of a dream, in the bosom of friendship, confidence, and the most amiable society. Eusebius assembled us all at least four or five times a week, and we passed the most delightful evening at his house: I was always one of the first arrivals there, and I believe my punctuality was chiefly caused by the pleasure I felt at seeing my sister and her husband arrive; I was never satiated with the secret satisfaction of seeing the door of the drawing room open and hearing announced in a loud voice, *her Grace the Duchess de Palmis.* How many times have I been affected to tears, in thinking how that pleasure would have

been felt by Edelie! How pleasing it was to call Tiburtius brother; and to hear the Viscount and his wife give Casilda the title of sister!....Tiburtius dearly loved his young and innocent partner, who returned his affections most sincerely; the Viscount and his lady adored her; Madame de Volnis manifested the tenderest attachment to me, and it was reciprocal, but legitimate affections never gall the senses; such pure sentiments, such tender ties gave to our meetings and conferences the most enchanting interest. Tiburtius quite charmed my mother; he used to go and chat with her in an under tone, to ridicule the English customs which she detested, and the *abominable gibberish* of the english servants, as my mother called their language; for she thought it very strange that they should not speak french. Five months had thus passed, when information was at length received that Edelie had made her profession with all the enthusiasm of the most ardent devotion. It

was Eusebius who announced this event to me; although a previous certainty of the extraordinary event, diminished the severity of the shock I experienced on this announcement, I had a violent attack of a fever which confined me some days to my room. The kind and sympathetic Madame de Volnis was not displeased at this renewal of my grief; on the contrary, she told me that she had foreseen it. This sentiment succeeded in winning my heart entirely. I had a long conversation with her about my mother, which I ought to detail here, in order to display the benevolence of her disposition. I declared that I would never part from the former, and that I intended she should live with us.—So much the better, replied Madame de Volnis; it will be a pleasure to me to take care of her old age and to render it happy!—I ought not, I rejoined, conceal any thing from you; my mother has an excellent heart, and every real virtue, but, she has many of the faults of that class of society to which

she belongs, faults, that the want of education added to her age render absolutely incorrigible. She attaches importance to a thousand trifles which would appear quite insignificant to you.—All that is important to her shall not seem frivolous to me. I wish to satisfy her in every thing, and when even trifles contribute to her happiness, why should they be a bar to it: how little therefore is the sacrifice I am called upon to make!--But, she will expect to interfere in matters of housekeeping..—It would be strange indeed if a mother should be like a stranger in her son's house! and will not her experience be very useful to me? I shall do nothing without consulting her; my confidence and respect will be the best title to her affection, be assured that with that all will go on well.—She may, perhaps, attempt to divide the honors of the house with you?....It is her right. Her manners will sometimes distress you.—I shall take such care never to seem embarrassed, so that they will not be re-

marked, and, at all events, not criticised, and I shall shew her so much deference, that she will appear respectable to all our visitors.—She is kind and compassionate but violent, and puts herself in a passion for a mere trifle.—I am sure she will never have any cause to be angry with me as I shall entertain a sincere attachment for her; besides, is she not your mother? At these words I kissed her hand with transport, and exclaimed, now I am sure I shall be happy!......Indeed, such sentiments merit all the esteem and affection of a husband: it must be acknowledged that they are more prevalent in the higher classes of society, than in the middling walks of life, where so many impertinent, and presumptuous daughters in law; such peevish and persecuting mothers are found; two descriptions of beings, whom I have never seen in the more elevated ranks.

It was under these happy auspices that I married Madame de Volnis: she had the delicacy never to mention her fortune

to me; but, after the celebration of our nuptials, she informed me that Durand had bought in assignats, for a mere trifle, at a time very favourable for such speculations, her estate in Burgundy, producing a yearly income of forty thousand francs; she added that Durand had purchased it only for the purpose of restoring it to her when she might return to France, and that he was endeavouring diligently to have her name erased from the list of emigrants. In spite of all the efforts of this faithful friend, he could not obtain permission for us to return, until the beginning of 1800. We experienced the greatest joy in returning to our country, then triumphing, (and which she had been during so many years), over the whole of Europe armed against her! Our happiness was alloyed by the regret of leaving our friends in England: the Viscountess had made a vow never to return to France until religious worship should be solemnly re-established. For although since the reign of terror

religion was no longer persecuted, its altars had not been restored.

We left England at the end of July 1800, and arrived in Paris, the 11th of August of the same year; my mother, who had found nothing to her taste in London, except the foot pavement, burst into extasies when she passed our own frontiers; my wife, after an exile of six years, threw herself in my arms: Oh! my dear Delmour, she exclaimed, formerly, when you conducted me over these frontiers, you saved my life; now, in returning with me, you insure the happiness of that existence which I owe to you!......

From the frontiers to Paris, all our emotions were exquisite; every thing gave us pleasure; that which most delighted my mother was to hear the postillions, and the maid servants of the inns speak french; the dinners on the road, even the worst, enchanted her, and on once more finding our omelets, onion soups and stewed pidgeons, she never omitted bitterly

to abuse the beefsteaks, puddings and mince pies of our neighbours.

How truly affecting was our first interview with Durand! nothing could exceed the joy he manifsted at seeing Madame de Volnis in the character of my wife: the joy of Sophie Durand and our own was not less vivid: we repaid him all that he had disbursed in the purchase of our estate, where we went to fix our residence without delay, for the castle had not been destroyed. I found that Le Dru had quarrelled with Matilda: the Prince de S*****, had returned and become a senator. Le Dru had separated from Matilda, having discovered that she had made secret and unsuccessful attempts on the *ci-devant Prince*, to induce him to renew their marriage. She preserved her dowery of 15,000 francs, and at length renouncing intrigue and ambition, prudently retired to the country. The first divorced wife of Le Dru having died in child-bed, he had married again legally, in a religious sense,

the daughter of an army contractor, and was therefore wealthier than before. We returned, in about eighteen months to spend the winters in Paris, because I was appointed a *legislator*, and on the re-establishment of religion, nothing more was wanting to our happiness. Eusebius and the Duchess, Tiburtius and my sister came to join us.... they brought us besides three pretty little children, one of which belonged to the Viscount, while the other two were the fruit of Casilda's union, having also become a father, I introduced a little boy to them. The charm of this society, so kind and generous, was increased by the interesting attachment of Octavius de Palmis and the amiable Octavia d'Inglar, whose nuptials were celebrated the following year. The Dowager d'Inglar and Mademoiselle de Versec, are nearly of the same age, and now grown deaf, were the only persons among us, who brought back to their own country much more ill-humour

than patriotism: they emulated each other in the most unlimited abuse of every thing that was new, the customs, fashions, theatres, actors, &c. were alike *execrable*. The Duchess and my sister found, that the ladies wore their dress too short, their shoulders too much exposed, and that they had an air of too much audacity in entering a drawing-room: they thought that women of fifty and sixty years of age assumed a melancholy species of usurpation of youth, in wearing wreaths of flowers; but, they were pleased at the disuse of high heels, large hoops, powder, patches and rouge*. They perceived in society, a provincial politeness, more ceremonious than obliging: they also saw that the superior elegance of the individuals of the ancient court, contributed more to make them hated, than the remembrance

* The numerous advocates for rouge, in this Country, will be, no doubt, gratified to hear that its empire is completely re-established in France.—Ed.

of their past grandeur; whilst, at the same time, the manners of many of them were exactly imitated and copied by the upstarts, eminent only by their posts and dignities. At last, they were sorrowfully amazed, the first time they went to church, to see alms collected *for the expenses of the religious functions*. It is still more astonishing that a custom which wounds equally the majesty of religion and dignity of the nation, should not be abolished in 1819!—....

Eusebius, ever equitable and patriotic, saw with profound emotion in the Church of the Invalids, that multitude of standards taken from conquered enemies, which are there assembled; he admired, also, the embellishments of Paris, the quays, bridges, triumphal arches, the enlargement of the botanic garden, the prodigious increase of the museum of natural history; and he was pleased at the additions to the splendor of the Louvre and Tuileries, and consequently at the bril-

liant effect of the most superb capital in Europe.*

The venerable Abbé Desforges had returned to France long before Eusebius and consented to come and reside with us: he confirmed my expectations of the destiny of Edelie; for, never was religious enthusiasm more ardent and continued, than in her breast. The first idea of Eusebius, on his return, was

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* It is presumed that the fair Author is not herself amongst the number of those, who fed their vanity and encouraged the criminal ambition of their country, by exulting in the spoils so unjustly wrested from conquered countries during the revolutionary war. Public opinion, no less than individual eloquence, has not failed to mark the system which led to the embellishment of the Louvre and Tuileries, with its share of well-merited indignation, while nothing is more probable, than for the future historian, in drawing an estimate of the advantages resulting to Europe from the battle of Waterloo, to place the Restoration of those spoils to the confederated powers amongst the greatest triumphs and chief claims to the admiration of posterity.—Ed.

to take his venerable tutor from me, and whom I had no right to withhold. Both the Viscount and his lovely companion, lavished the most tender cares, on the Abbe's happy old age, and this worthy clergyman terminated his holy career at the age of eighty, in the arms of his pupil!

The beautiful Marchioness de Palmis, has always continued to lead that kind of heroically benevolent life, to which she had devoted herself. Never did a penitent give such effect to her conversion, or regain public admiration by more noble and affecting means.

After having experienced so many tempests, and escaped so many shoals, I daily thanked Providence for conferring on me a large fortune, an excellent wife, charming children, faithful friends and a very moderate share of ambition, for the age in which we live; for I am contented with an income of 60,000 franks, besides a good place: and in times when sovereignties were distributed

like Lord lieutenancies of counties, I never had any desire to mount a throne; nor have since then had even the wish of becoming a minister..

I have seen events pass before my eyes, that furnish materials for a hundred volumes at least to the present generation. I have seen my cousin Le Dru become a Prefect with a title; I have had the pleasure of hearing the Count Boutet and the Baron Le Dru announced at my house; I myself, have had the pleasure of giving the title of Baroness to my wife, who had lost her own. I have seen emigrants return, who, grown old in exile, have again honored the French name by their valour and talent; and who have since also honored the name of *Courtier*, in forming the faithful and unambitious court of a dethroned King. And, lastly, I have seen, with sincere joy, the re-establishment of the monarchy and promulgation of that charter which secures our liberties; for these sentiments are inseparable from the love of order,

of peace and of justice, while they may be combined with a wish to see the clergy in the provinces more numerous and respected, and not quite so indigent, together with a desire that the schools of mutual instruction should be superintended by the minister of religion.

This mode of thinking, which I have always held, and which is not surely either unjust nor unreasonable, has never obtained parasites: I have already said that complete impartiality in factious times, is odious to every party, the corrupt and powerful even wish to confound it with that timidity, which seeks to be on good terms with all; but, impartiality, when united with integrity, has a distinctive character which does not allow it to be mistaken; it censures with energy all that morality condemns, and praises with candour whatever merits approbation: whilst cowardice envelops its eulogies and criticisms in artificial phrases; and in short, modifies its language and opinions according to times,

places and circumstances !............

May the *impartial*, who, among us, certainly form the most slender party of, all; may the friends of truth find in this work the only species of merit to which its author aspires, that of equity, sincerity and frankness; the courage to defend and maintain without fear or equivocation the sacred principles of morality !

THE END.

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